

# EVANGELINE *of* OLE VIRGINIA



BY R.M. ELY



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EVANGELINE  
*of*  
OLE VIRGINIA

By

R. M. ELY



JOHN P. MORTON & COMPANY  
INCORPORATED

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

1923

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TO  
THE OLD SOUTH  
IN  
VIRGINIA



## THE CARDINAL

Thou art no pompous prelate of the woods;  
Thou art a troubadour who sings of love;  
In thy red heart sweet dreams of romance move  
And tune its strings to all Dan Cupid's moods.

And then the marvelous music pours in floods  
Adown the emerald reaches of the grove,  
Where all the shy and furtive wild things rove,  
And grave-eyed Silence haunts the solitudes.

Thou art a lover who for love's dear sake  
Hast flung aside the seal of priestly vows,  
And now dost use the magic of thy art  
To thrill with ecstasy thy russet spouse,  
And to my love's sweet ear my message take,  
Thou crimson avant courier of my heart!

I love the mountains wreathed in mist,  
The twilight skies of amethyst,  
The groves of ancient oaks sun-kissed  
    In old Virginia.

I love the modest maidenhood,  
The deference paid to womanhood,  
The chivalric and gentle blood,  
    In old Virginia.



# Evangeline of Ole Virginia

## CHAPTER I

“Sing me a song of the sunny South—  
Something of bygone days.”

Mammy Chris sat by the nursery window of an old colonial mansion with little Evangeline Lee in her lap.

“Oh, Mammy, Mammy, see the great big snowflakes dancing in the air! Aren’t they soft and beautiful?”

“Yas, honey, deys bury purty, bury purty,” said Mammy absentmindedly.

“And do see the little redbird over there in the pine tree! Is he like the Cock Robin the Sparrow killed with his bow and arrow?”

“I ’spec’ so, honey.”

“Did the arrow hurt when it went into his little heart? And did he sure ’nuf die? Did he, Mammy?” and tears glistened in the blue-grey eyes.

“Yo’ knows, honey, dem story-books nevah pets de finishin’ wu’ds at de las’. I’ll jes’ hev tuh write um all ovah sum o’ dese days. Now w’en dey tuk ’im tuh de grabe, hes lil bride wife cry so dat de tyrus fell on hes haid, an’ he comed tuh life an’ dey lib ez happy in dey nes’ in de trees evah attah dat.”

Mammy could mend little stories and little hearts just as well as Evangeline’s little stockings.

“Uncle Isom says something is going to ’sprise you when you see a redbird. I just guess it is Santa Claus. Mammy, can you see the little stars in the snowflakes?”

“No, honey, muh eyes is too ole.”

“That first Christmas when the Christ-child came, there surely was snow on the ground and everywhere to make it white and beautiful for Him?”

“I ’spose so, honey.”

“Just think of all the little teensy stars in the snow, and the winky twinkling stars in the sky—and the great big star that stood over the stable! Mother read me in the book that’s named my name that the blue sky was the great meadows of heaven, and the stars were the angels’ forget-me-nots. Sometimes they drop them, for I have seen them fall. Guess they throw the faded ones away. Mother has some real, new, true stories to tell me the night before Christmas, but you tell me one now. You know you promised. Tell me about Father, ’cause the tears won’t let Mother tell me.”

“An’ yo’ wan’ me tuh tell yo’ ’bout Marse Robert, honey? Wal, wal, po’ lil chile,” and Mammy’s eyes began to mist and then to shine for, like all colonial Mammies, she loved to tell family history.

“Marse Robert’s ma—muh lady Mahg’ret—wuz de sweetes’ lil mite ob uh ’oman yo’ evah see, so gentle an’ quiet an’ beau’ful. She died when he wuz bawn, honey.

“Marse Morris—Marse Robert’s pa—wuz sich uh puhfec’ gem’n an’ so han’sum. He wuz uh gre’t soljah in de wah, an’ she so proud o’ him w’en he come home tuh see huh, lookin’ so gran’. Marse Robert wuz dey fust an’ only chile,—bawn nex’ tuh de las’ yeah ob de wah. W’en huh die, hit neahly killed Marse Morris. Aftah while he take Isom an’ go back tuh de wah tuh fo’git he troubles, he say, an’ fight fo’ de Souf, an’ fo’ us all. ’Twa’n’t many months ’fo’ Isom fotch ’im home ’bout daylight un mawnin’. He wuz shot in de side. I ken mos’ see ’im now lay dah wid hes face white ez snow,

an' he gre't, soulful eyes roamin' 'roun' lookin' fo' muh lady. Fin'ly he stre'ch out he a'ms an' say, 'Mahg'ret—dahlin'—I—'ve—come—home.' Ole Missus kiss 'im sof'ly on he fohhaid wid de tyrus rollin' down huh cheeks. We 'buried 'im wid de flag 'bout 'im, yondah in de ole Leeland grabeyahd by muh lady.

“Marse Robert's gran'ma an' me raise 'im in dis big 'ouse. Missus teach 'im while he lil, nen uh gem'n f'om Chahlottesville wuz he teachah till he go tuh de 'Vus'ty o' Virgini tuh school. He always comed home in de summah an' ride out obah de plantation tuh show de niggahs 'bout dey wu'k. Attah he bin dah free yeahs, an' wuz home fo' Chris'mus, Missus gib 'im uh pahty dat las' uh hull week. I nevah see sich uh proud niggah ez Isom wuz den. He hab on de sojah clo's Marse Morris gib 'im, an' rah way back. I knowed he be layed up wid rumatis attah dat.

“Wal, de ladies all wuz crazy 'bout Marse Robert, 'kaze he han'sum ez he pa, an' jes' ez polite; but he care nary bit in grain fo' any o' dem, 'cep' Miss Virgini Legend, hes roommate's sistah. Honey, dey hev dances o' de Virgini reel, an' dinin's, an' sleigh rides; an' so on fru de hull week one long good time. De las' day o' de pahty Miss Legend come down stahs an' lay huh cap on de table while huh put on huh gloves. Dey wuz goin' hossback ridin'. Marse Robert step up an' reach up he han'. She look up right quick an' see she undah de mistletoe. Den she do blush an' say, 'Please, don't.'

“He say, 'Pahdon me, Miss Legend, I hev nevah kissed any lady, an' I didn' inten' tuh now, doh hit's temptin', I asscho yo'. I dis wanted tuh lease de spray dat's fallen in yo' hyah, but hit looks so purty dat I'll not boddah hit.'

“‘Oh, no,’ say she, ‘some uddah young man may not be as—as—,’ den she stop.

“‘As what?’ say he.

“‘As gem’nly as yo’,’ says she, takin’ out de spray an’ frowin’ hit on de flo’. He pick hit up, an’ pin hit on hes coat.

“De nex’ night, attah all de pahty gone, Marse Robert settin’ by de fah studin’. De yo’-log nuhly buhn out. I see ’im take somepin’ f’om uh lil book in he pocket, an’ look an’ look at hit. Um—umph! What yo’ tink hit wuz? Dat spray o’ mistletoe.

“Uh yeah ur so attah he gradivated at de ’Vus’ty, dey wuz uh big weddin’ an’ uh big infah, an’ Marse Robert fotch Miss Legend tuh Leeland ez he bride. Miss Virgini Lee huh wuz den, honey.”

“That was my mother?”

“Yas, hit wuz. An’ two yeahs attah dat Marse Robert gone tuh Baltimo’ on some bus’ness. An’ de day fo’ Chris’mus we hev Miss Virgini’s room all dec’rated mighty purty, ’cause we’s lookin’ fo’ ’im back. Dat eben we git tel’gram sayin’ he snowbound, an’ don’t know w’en he git back. Huh mighty dis’pinted. Guess, doh, dah wuz uh redbud ’roun’ somewha, fo’ we sutinly wuz ’sprised w’en de Chris’mus angel, ur Santa Claus, fotch us de sweetes’ lil mite o’ uh baby, ’bout free o’clock Chris’mus mawnin’. Dat baby wuz yo’, honey. While de stahs wuz still shinin’, I heah somepin’ runnin’ fru de snow. I go tuh de doah, I see yo’ papa jump outen uh kerrege an’ run up de walk, shakin’ de snow offen hes coat, an’ right on into de room callin’,

“‘Chris’mus gif, Virgini!’ an’ he run right in to yo’ cradle in de fahlight. ‘Oh! Mammy, is hit so? Did Santa Claus bring me this precious mite o’ humanity? I do



not deserve such gre't blessin's.' Den he kneel by Missus' baid, an' kiss huh an' say in he low sweet voice,

“‘Luv, muh own luv. See, little mother, what I have for yo’,’ an’ put ’roun’ huh ahm uh bracelet wid diamonds set.

“‘Dey name yo’ Mahg’ret Evangeline Lee fo’ yo’ two gran’mas, doh ole Missus, dat raise yo’ papa, done gone on tuh heben seberal months fo’ yo’ bawn. Evahbody would come an’ wan’ tuh see Marse Robert’s baby. W’en yo’ five yeahs ole, Miss Virgini go on uh visit tuh huh ma’s in Missouri, an’ tek yo’ an’ me. Huh didn’ wanna go widout ’im, but he dis so busy he can’t, ’ceptin’ he come an’ spen’ de las’ month wid us, an’ bring us home. W’en he say goodbye, he take huh in hes a’ms, an’ kiss huh two, free times, an’ say,

“‘Sweetheart, write tuh me often.’

“‘Den he toss yo’ high ovah hes haid, an’ kiss yo’, an’ cut uh mite o’ cuhl f’om yo’ hyah, an’ say how he gwine do widout he lil girl so long. Den he shake han’s wid me, an’ say,

“‘Mammy, take good keah o’ my wife an’ dottah.’

“‘De las’ we see ’im he wabe he han’kahchef ez de train pulled out.

“‘We sutinly did visit some quality sho in Columbia, Missouri. Doh none o’ dem outshines yo’ mama an’ yo’, honey, nuh yo’ ole black mammy eitha. We git lettah f’om Marse Robert, sayin’ he lil sick. Git uh nuddah say he plum po’ly. We start home, an’ git tel’gram at Richmond, Kentucky, dat say he daid. Ah! dat sutinly wuz uh sad time, honey. W’en we git home an’ drive in at de big gate, we see de ’ouse, an’ bahns, an’ fences all painted new. Seats an’ swings undah de trees fo’ yo’. Isom say yo’ papa bin wu’kin’ mighty hahd, an’ all

de niggahs, tuh git done fo' uh 'sprise fo' yo' mama. But w'en we go in de 'ouse, no Marse Robert dah wid he beau'ful smile.

"De neighbahs done baried 'im yondah by Marse Morris an' muh lady; 'caze de fevah so ketchin' dey feerd tuh keep 'im up. Dat's why he didn' write how bad he wuz; he didn' wan' yo' to take de fevah. Huh nebbah will git ovah hit, honey. De frien's all des ez good ez dey can be, but dey not Marse Robert. Yo' kep' sayin',

" 'Whah my papa?'

"W'en we go in hes room, dah wuz evahting jes' ez he lef' hit. Yo' lil baid wid de covahs des lak he tuck yo' out de mawnin' we lef'. On de lil table by huh pictah an' yorn Miss Virgini foun' uh lettah fo' huh he writ dis fo' he died. In hit he say he sorry dat w'en yo' big girl an' evah marries de name o' Lee goes out. But fo' us all tuh meet 'im whah lub nebbah dies, an' becomes God hisself, fo' He is lub. Dah, honey, de tyrus jes' will pester me, too. Can't tell yo' mo' tonight,'" and Mammy wiped away the intruders with the corner of her apron while Evangeline held a little lace kerchief to her eyes as she said,

"But you will tell me more another night, won't you, Mammy?"

"Yas, honey, let me rock you to sleep now," and Mammy sang,

"Gone are de days w'en muh heaht wuz young an' gay,  
Gone are muh fren's f'om de cotton-fiel's uh-way.'"

## CHAPTER II

“They are never alone that are accompanied  
with noble thoughts.”

’Mid the green fields of old Virginia stood Leeland, the home of the heroine of our story, situated on a large, gradually sloping hill that gave a splendid view of the valley beyond. Back of it, one mile, and making a beautiful background, stretched one of the prettiest mountain ranges of Virginia. The mansion was built of brick, with a large Corinthian-columned porch front and back, with six great stone steps running the full length of them. The inside was like most of the mansions of that time—a large reception hall, open fire-place, and a fine stairway that went half way up and then divided right and left. The rooms were large and handsomely furnished with the furniture of “Ole Mastah’s” day.

An immense lawn extended far down, in front, and was surrounded by a stone wall over which honeysuckles climbed. At the center of the southern portion there was a great gate with massive stone posts resembling the columns of the porch. Riding in one entered upon a circular driveway, on up by the steps of the porch and back again. The driveway was outlined on each side by spreading spruce pines—the hiding place of the cardinal. Here and there over the lawn were lindens, maples, hollies, and poplars. And down near the gate in the cool, deep shade cast by the grandest of old beech trees was a crystal lake, Lucerne. Just over the wall from the lake, and extending the full length of the lawn, was the orchard, with its abundance of apples, pears, peaches,

plums, and cherries. On the other side of the lawn the meadows began. Beyond the wall, in the rear, were the slave quarters in olden days, with their whitewashed cabins.

The Lees were kind and good to their slaves and never sold any. They, in return, loved and were loyal to their masters. When freedom was announced, "Ole Mastah" never stirred from the house, but let them decide for themselves and go if they wished. The most trusty and faithful ones remained. To each family of these he deeded several acres of land all joining, and furnished them material with which to build houses. To their little settlement he gave the name "Liberty." They also worked on his plantation, receiving wages as the white man, only there were enough of them left to run the whole plantation "widout any po' white trash 'bout," as they expressed it.

Therefore, years and years afterward when many parts of Virginia had no darkies at all, yet in this secluded spot the old life at Leeland was not much changed, and a visitor in 1900 would have had the impression that he was a guest in the years before the war. Mammy never thought of leaving the "big 'ouse," because she was a very important factor of Leeland, and presided with great dignity. Her height was the average, yet she was rather stout; her complexion brown, nearly tan; her benign old face was good to look upon, full of compassion and tenderness. She wore a lace head-rag and neat, clean dresses with a kerechief around her neck as Martha Washington had worn. She had always been the proud carrier of the key-basket and general boss of the household and nursery, and, in latter years, had at her command a whole retinue of sub-



helpers from Liberty for the dairy, the laundry, house-cleaning, the canning season, and when company was at Leeland.

The next in importance was Uncle Isom, her husband, who was general overseer of the orchard, garden, and lawn—in fact the whole plantation since Marse Robert's death, and he had many assistants from Liberty, who rented the farm on shares. He and Mammy had rooms over the kitchen wing of the "big 'ouse."

Mrs. Virginia Lee was a perfect lady of medium size with blue eyes and long dark hair. Her chief attraction was her gracious, sincere manner that ever pleased those with whom she came in contact. She could entertain in her home, or at her table, any great person, or the humblest, with the utmost ease and grace and Southern hospitality. Deep in her heart she was ever lonely for one who had always filled her life with love and devotion; who had always taken such tender care of her.

And the seven-year-old heroine, Margaret Evangeline Lee, was a slender, modest little person with expressive indigo-blue-grey eyes, long lashes, dark brown curls, and a beautiful complexion. She seemed to live in a little world of her own—happiest when sitting on the steps of the old colonial porch alone, lost in wonderland, enjoying daydreams of her own lovely fancies; or cuddled up in an old beech tree by the lake, feeding the swans and making believe they were ships to faraway countries bringing back fairies, princes, and precious treasures; or roaming the meadows with Mammy, gathering flowers and listening to the birds, bees, and other living things.

In the home-life of Leeland harsh and unkind words she never heard spoken. Her father and mother were always loving and well-bred, and Mammy was tender-hearted and kind, so her innocent little soul was full of lovely thoughts and sympathy for others.

### CHAPTER III

“Oh! what would the world be to us if the children were no more?”

“Run heah, honey, an’ see who’s come!” called Mammy.

Evangeline hastened down the great stairway to the porch and saw a fashionably dressed lady step from a carriage, and a pleasant-looking gentleman. Her mother was greeting each with a kiss while Mammy and uncle Isom were getting out wraps and bundles. All at once from a recess of the carriage, out jumped the nicest little boy dressed in a Lord Fauntleroy suit of blue-black velvet, with a cap set upon a mass of golden curls. Evangeline drew near a pillar as they came up.

“Here, darling, speak to brother Edward, your papa’s chum and roommate in his school days, and your aunt Celeste,” said her mother, and she obeyed.

“An’ dis is lil Maudrey, yo’ fust cousin, dis twelve days oldah dan yo’—Maudrey Legend,” said Mammy.

But the cousins only eyed each other shyly. Presently the little boy held out a box of chocolates.

“Will you not have some candy, little cousin?” said he sweetly.

“Thank you,” she said timidly.

“You are my cousin Evangeline, Mama said, but I bleb I’ll just say cousin, as it is all so long. Papa and mama are going to let me stay all winter and go to school with you right in this house. I brought my dolls and picture-books and my soldiers. Where are your dolls?”

Evangeline led the way until they came to a playhouse that would delight any child's heart,—a little kitchen and dining-room complete in their furnishings; a sitting-room with suitable furniture; a bedroom full of doll-beds and dolls of all descriptions; curtains to little windows; a tiny piano and too many toys to mention. The cousins got better acquainted when they overhauled the playhouse to make room for Maudrey's playthings.

"Who made all this for you?" he asked.

"My papa, while I was visiting grandma."

"Where is he?"

"Gone to one of God's mansions in heaven."

"I'm sorry," kindly, and he offered her the candy again. "I'll share my papa with you. You may sit on his other knee when he tells us stories 'bout bears."

Mammy came just then to take them to see the deer in the woodland.

Next day the door of the apple-house was thrown wide, and the sunshine peeped into the bins and boxes inside. Amid the topmost branches of a number of trees in the orchard sat little darky boys, showing the whites of their eyes as they rolled them about to see the first sign from uncle Isom to shake down the shower of red apples; while little darky girls with baskets, or aprons, stood ready to gather them up.

"Den ef yo' sposdulates so tuh wuk, why don' yo' wuk an' not kick up yo' heels lak all yo' hab tuh do is tuh skeer de grasshoppahs ouden de grass," complained uncle Isom. "Don' yo' know no bettah dan tuh poah dem Virgini Beauties wid de rusties? An' yo' knows pine blank de Ben Davis ain' pet whah de late keepahs am piled. Shuffle yo'sebs up in dem peah trees, an' lay dem saft like in de baskets. Don' yo' let me lay muh

eyes on uh one o' yo' stuffin' dem. Dey's not fo' yo' tuh pet yo' teef into."

Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Legend brought their fancy-work to the shade of the orchard, while Mammy bossed the sorting of the apples as they kept pouring in.

"Mammy, who is the mulatto girl in the clean calico frock with sad-looking eyes like a fawn's?" asked aunt Celeste.

"Why, un o' de 'ouse-maids wen' Norf w'en de wah wuz obah. Dat's huh chile. Huh pa wuz uh white man in de Norf. Huh ma died w'en huh lil, an' huh aunt heah at Libahty raise huh. Huh name's Christine, an' huh wo'ships Evangeline, kaze huh teachin' huh tuh read an' write."

"Gre't day in de mawnin', niggahs, whut yo' fumblin' 'roun' dah doin'? Git a move on yo'sebs. None o' yo' export in any kind o' wuk," exclaimed uncle Isom.

"Dese days ain' nuffin lak de days fo' de wah; nur Marse Robert's day nuthah. He take de lazy niggahs in he lil office-room an' show um uh purty pictah o' uh lil rabbit settin' up jes' ez nice hol'in' he lil paws. Undah hit hit read, 'Dis lil rabbit sits up an sits,' an' ole Jack Frost is uh-ketchin' 'im by de neck. Den he show um nuthah pictah o' uh lil rabbit dat stretchin' he legs neahly offen 'im. Undah hit hit read, '*Dis lil brer rabbit gits up an' gits.*' An' he sho am uh-gittin'—runnin' lak fohty, makin' fo' uh hole dat wuz plum full o' good rabbit eatin'. An' min' yo', ole Jack Frost wuz uh-runnin' de uddah way jes' hahd ez he can go.

"'Now which yo' druthah be?' he say tuh dem. 'Wuk an' hab sumfin, ur set 'bout an' starve an' freeze tuh de'f?' Dat las' summah he take me up on dat high hill yondah tuh salt one hun'ud cattle, sleek ez ribbins, an' he say,



“ ‘Isom, dey be mo’ dem nex’ yeah; dese blue-grass fiel’s will roam wid dem lak cattle on uh t’ousand hills.’ Yas, sah, ef he hev libed he bin de riches’ man in all Virgini, an’ dis ez good ez he wuz rich. Lo’dy, Lo’dy! wisht de good Lo’d ud lent ’im tuh us dis lil longah.’ ”

Two, at least, of uncle Isom’s audience were listening intently—Evangeline and Maudrey—and when there was a lull in the narrative, it was revived by their questions, as they sat in the grass outlining circles, stars, and crosses with bright red apples; for while uncle Isom stamped his foot at the little pickaninnies about bruising the apples, he would let these two do what they pleased with them because they were careful. When the story had ended and they were tired, a picnic dinner was spread under the trees, and the dolls and soldiers were invited. After the small table was arranged, they spied a red-bird flitting about in the trees; their feast was forgotten.

“Maudrey, I love red-birds, don’t you? Like Red Ridinghood they always wear red cloaks and high-up hoods. That one has a nest in the pines and will eat the crumbs that I put on the roots of the tree for it.”

\* \* \* \* \*

A happy year it was for the two children. Their governess was a pleasant lady of refinement and culture. When the snow came, they played “The Monks in the Alps,” climbing the great hill with Snowbound, Evangeline’s big white greyhound, who would bring in the soldiers thrown ahead in the snow. They imitated most every story that was read to them.

Sometimes Maudrey was the dolls’ doctor, wearing a long overcoat that swept the floor, and bearing with



dignity a pair of old saddlebags containing bread pills, flour powders, and bottles of berry juice. Evangeline was trained nurse; and Mammy, the surgeon, performed some wonderful operations without the use of an anesthetic. The hospital ward was full of doll-beds and patients, with a tiny vase of flowers beside each bed.

At Christmas time—

“Out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
Everyone sprang to the windows to see what was  
the matter.”

There was a real Santa in a real sleigh coming right up to the door; and even marched in and gave the presents from their tree. Then they heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight,

“Merry Christmas to all,  
And to all a—goodnight.”

From seven to eleven years Maudrey attended school at Leeland each winter; then bidding Evangeline good-bye he went home to attend, the following year, a private school for small boys.

When twelve years old, Evangeline one day sat thinking. Finally she said,

“Mammy, what makes so many Christians? When we go to different churches in town on Sabbath days, some are Methodist Christians, some Baptist Christians and some Presbyterian Christians.”

“I can’t tells yo’, honey, ’peahs dey needs diff’rent kinds.”

Not satisfied she asked her mother,

“How can I be *all* the Christians? Every one of them wants me to be their kind.”

Her mother smiled, drew her to her side, and said, "I am glad my little daughter wants to do right, and I believe I know what kind of a Christian she wants to be—one with a pure heart, and one who receives *every* true Christian as a member of the one great body of Christ united in love and service. Study your Bible through, and it will tell you plainly. It should be your rule and guide and not what people say."

The next Easter morning found Evangeline's happy heart full of faith, hope, and love. Lake Lucerne had been the scene of a pretty baptism.

Mammy was delighted, "De good Lo'd don't mek many lak dis chile, He don't. 'Cos de watah don't wash de sins 'way. De Sabior was crucified and baried fo' our sins, but He 'rose dat Eastah mawnin'. So yo' wuz baried f'om sight undah de watah, typifyin' He de'f, an' barin' o' yo' sins, tuh 'rise tuh walk uh new life. Yo' sho did look lak uh bride, honey, in dat white dress—de Christ's bride—an' lubs Him nuf tuh dis weah He's name—Christian—an' nobody else's hitched on."

## CHAPTER IV

"To know some people is a standing invitation to be good."

"Baste de tu'key fo' ole Mammy, please mum, honey. I'ze 'feerd tuh stop icin' dis cake, 'feerd hit'll git hahd. Hit's de mahble-cake, de favoright o' Miss Virgini,—huh bufday cake," said Mammy with a chuckle. "While huh's gone visitin', we git dis bufday suppah ready. I wan' hit all on de table 'fo' huh gits heah. Won' hit 'sprise huh doh? Yo' say hit's haf attah free?"

"Yes. Must I wear this white muslin dress or the pink one?" said Evangeline.

"Yo' looks de sweetes' in de white un; weah hit, an' plat yo' hyah in two long plats down yo' back, honey, an' yo's all ready. Dem ferns an' flowahs do set de table off, I tells yo'. De chicken salad look snipshous on dem lettis leabs. De fruit-stan' is 'licious lookin'; foah kin' o' parsarbs an' de maple-syrup all am on; de ice-cream's froze; muh beat biscuit an'—lawsy muhey! I neahly fohgit de cherry pie, w'en Miss Virgini sets sich uh heap o' store by de fust cherry pie! Isom's drivin' huh, so I guess we'll has tuh run down an' git um, honey."

Mammy mounted upon a stepladder quickly culled the crimson fruit, while Evangeline stood below gathering from the limbs she could reach.

'Twas the first day of May and all Nature wore new dresses that shone in the sunshine. Evangeline was sweet sixteen. A cardinal strutted up the limb toward her as if to say, "What liberties have you here?"

"Go up to the topmost branches, Mr. Bird, where I cannot reach."

But he ate where he pleased and flew away without even mentioning a financial settlement.

“Was he not handsome among these ‘little red apples,’ as a Sunday-school baby called them the other day? Wonder what my surprise is going to be?”

The slam of the big gate caused both to start.

“Who dat comin’ undah de pines? ’Pon muh soul! Is dat Miss Virgini? I can hahdly see fo’ de trees.”

“No, it’s a nice-looking young man on horseback riding in.”

“I dis bet hit’s Mr. Maudrey.”

“But he will not be through at Washington and Lee until the middle of June.”

Snowbound betrayed where they were, and the young man reined his horse near them.

“Pardon me,” said he, tipping his hat. “Is this not the home of Mrs. Robert Lee?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Thank you,” and he rode slowly toward the house.

Mammy and Evangeline hastened up the back way; and the latter just did get to the door in time to receive him as he came up the stone steps, her sunbonnet still hanging to her neck, and her hair blown into curls about her face.

“Mother is not at home just now, but will be very soon.”

“Then *you* are *Miss* Lee,” said he gallantly. “Glad to meet you. I am Leolaine Leigh from Kentucky University, to whom, if I’m not mistaken, you wrote not long ago in regard to entering Hamilton College next year.”

“Y-e-s, yes, I did write a letter to a Mr. Leigh in



Lexington. But—but I thought he was an—an *old* gentleman, and a teacher at Hamilton.”

“Of his age you may now judge, Miss Lee, and I have never taught,” said he politely, though enjoying her little confusion very much.

“Such eyes, *such* eyes!” thought Evangeline. Large, clear, soft and brown; his lashes swept his cheeks when he looked down, and gave to them a depth indescribable when raised. Southern chivalry to ladies revealed itself in his dignity of bearing, with an ease that showed it was inborn and not acquired. Still most people would not have called him handsome, except his eyes; yet there was in his face such expressive nobility of soul that Evangeline thought him the handsomest young man she had ever seen.

“I am on my way to my home in Eastern Virginia,” continued he, “and the president of Hamilton asked me to distribute these catalogues to young ladies I might know. As you wrote, I stopped to answer in person and give you one. My father was a minister and a friend of your father and mother. I have often heard him speak of his pleasant visits at Leeland.”

The click of the great gate announced Mrs. Lee, and in silence they watched the carriage roll 'round the drive.

“This is a lovely place,” said he.

Mrs. Lee greeted him pleasantly.

“My horse is tired; may I not spend the night?”

“Certainly. Come into the library or parlor, where you will find it more comfortable.”

Evangeline slipped away to see about Mammy and the pie.

Leon Leigh thought he had never seen a prettier tea served anywhere—the handsome old blue china on snow

white linen; in an old colonial dining-hall with a typical Southern hostess. But best of all the frank, pure, sweet young girl opposite him.

During the meal he noted—an abundance of long, wavy, soft hair, sometimes black, sometimes burnished brown as the light came and went over it; long black lashes that curtained eyes, at night, like the violet's dark blue; complexion clear with a tinge of rose in each cheek; Cupid's bow lips red as the cherries she ate; a perfect nose; rather a sober-sweet expression to the face; but when amused, her eyes danced and sparkled. What sweet reserve! Distinctly a little Southern lady. Then he smiled slightly to himself when he thought of *her* writing to him; had she known, he was only one year older than she, even though it *was* on a school topic. And he thought how pretty her blushes made her when he had first spoken of it on the veranda.

"I hope you will decide to attend Hamilton in the coming year, Miss Lee. I will do all in my power to make it pleasant for you."

"Thank you. I had so planned, but my governess now teaches at Virginia College, and I have promised to go there because she will make it so pleasant for me."

"I came too late. Too late for a Kentucky college to gain a Virginia student; yet, as 'tis my native State, I can not feel as sorry as I would have, had it been otherwise."

When the pleasant evening was over, and good-nights had been said, Evangeline slipped away to slumberland, thinking of those beautiful brown eyes and wondering why he did not study for the ministry. While in the guest room the occupant of the white-curtained bed went to sleep with a happy heart.



Next morning Leon was awakened by pleasant voices outside. 'Twas Evangeline, fresh as a rosebud, and Mammy over in the strawberry bed gathering berries for breakfast. Her heart would have beaten faster even had she known that behind the closed blinds those wonderful eyes were looking down on the pretty sight.

After the morning meal Leon was so contented and happy in conversation with Mrs. Lee, while he watched *Miss Lee*—when unnoticed—that the moments glided by unheeded until the grandfather's clock on the stair chimed the hour for departing; and after lingering over the goodbyes, he rode away out under the pines, leaving behind a maiden's heart touched by the first sweet chords of love.

## CHAPTER V

“In days of old  
When knights were bold.”

In the kitchen Mammy, very important, was delivering a lecture to an audience of one, Christine, on the race question.

“It’s a pity I am not white, or black,—one,” the latter had said. “If black, perhaps I would not long so to be a lady. As it is, I am of a race all alone—a mulatto—with the ambitions of the whites and the restrictions of the negro. How nice it is for Miss Evangeline to go to a girl’s boarding school this winter. The colored people have none; at least I do not know it if they have. The teacher at Liberty has taught me all he knows. I would not go to a Northern college for whites and blacks, all those white girls looking at me like I was a monkey, afraid to touch me, and tolerating my presence only because they consider that they are showing such a spirit of sacrifice and sweet charity to have me among them. I do not want their pity and scorn. I know what I am talking about, for when I went as maid with that nice lady friend of Miss Virginia’s, who gave short cooking-class lessons at the colleges, I saw it all. They do not like me for my own sake like the Southern ladies.”

“Nemmine now, dis wait minit. Lemme tell yo’ sumfin’. Miss Evangeline’s gwine git yo’ place in town, as nuss fo’ uh nice white lady an’ yo’ can go tuh good cullud school; an’ ef yo’ be right smart an’ larn heap,

huh gwina see dat yo' gits tuh go tuh uh big college sum day whah hit's only fo' de black peoples."

"Oh! I can never thank her enough. I'm going to help nice neighbor folks house-clean and wash and iron, and pick berries, so I can buy nice clothes and books when I get to go to that college. Then, too, I'm going to save all I can make above that, from this time on, to help pay my way in college, and maybe I can work some in school to pay the rest."

"Nen yo' lissun tuh me," said Mammy. "Yo' quit dis heah greebin' 'bout bein' black. 'Tain't yo' fault, ur yo' would bin white, I knows. Dah's jes' one way yo' wills be white un o' dese days, dat is in hebben. Bettah spen' yo' time on dis uth tryin' tuh do all de good yo' ken tuh git dah. En ef yo' wan's sum cumfot heah in dis warld, membah dat w'en yo' is walkin' de streets o' de Golden City, white ez snow, dat yo' ken see womens dat wuz white on dis uth bu'nt black ez uh crow in de place whah de rich man go, and mens, too. Speakin' o' de men, yo' watch dem lak yo' would uh rattlesnake. Yo' got tuh fight 'ginst dat, kaze dat's whah yo' Mammy failed. Watchin' come 'fo' prayin' in de Bible. Ole Mastah use tuh say dat de true wuth o' uh puhson, what ebbah dey cullah, carry dem fru. De good Christ come heah tuh sarb, not to *be* sarbed. Leastwise, He done mos' de sarbin'. He wuz humble an' meek"—Mammy's sermon was cut short by Uncle Isom's calling for her to come get the morning's mail.

There was a dainty letter addressed to Evangeline from Lexington, Kentucky. Her heart throbbed a little as she opened it and read the pretty hand—

“Dear Miss Lee:

“Pardon me if this surprise is unpleasant to you. I write to ask if you would care to correspond with me since you know that I am not an *old* gentleman. Just to know each other better, for I will never forget the pleasant night spent at your home; but if it will be disagreeable to you, just consign this missive to the cold, calm waters of Lethe. My regards to your mother.

“Very truly,

No. 27

“Your friend,

K. U.

“Leolaine Leigh.”

’Twas the first letter of the kind she had ever received, and the first thoughts of a sweetheart. Can pen or brush describe this young girl’s heart, who had lived, like Longfellow’s maiden, a lovely life amid the beauties of nature and her cultured, stately home with only Mother and Mammy. She was indeed

“Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet.”

Sacred and pure were her thoughts of love and a home, gleaned from the memory of a father she worshiped and Mammy’s stories of the great soldier-like lives of her grandparents; but mostly from the best books she adored—stories of handsome, gallant knights of “King Arthur’s Round Table,” Scott’s “Ivanhoe,” Tennyson’s “Idyls of the King,” etc.

She had dreams? Yes, *way off* in the future some time, when she was through school, and she and her mother had traveled and seen great countries and places, then her ideal knight would come, so gallant to ladies, brave, chivalrous and true, and woo and win her; then what a happy, dainty, cozy little home they would have.



She greatly admired the good old minister who baptized her; therefore, her young knight *must* be a minister. This, in a vague way, was the mystical path of her thoughts upon the question; in fact, she had never given it a real thought, no more than a nine-year-old girl would have. Her mother had taught her not to think marriage the chief end of a girl's existence, but to be a true lady, helpful to the world, sincere, earnest, and refined. All environment and culture would have amounted to nothing had not purity and a longing for the beautiful been woven into the very bones of her body when she was born. She detested a flirt. Love was too sacred to barter away.

All too soon, it appeared to her, Love had come and stirred sweet strains of music in her soul.

"A handsome, gallant knight; but one thing thou lackest—thou art not a minister," mused she.

'Twas all too new, too unknown a realm to enter so young she felt, for she had a loving, tender heart, and she realized that if he was real nice to her, she could not help but love him; and if she loved at all, she would love all in all: and she not through college yet. Selecting her best stationery she timidly began to reply. Years after she would have given half her kingdom to have remembered what she wrote in answer to that letter and how she worded it.

Some years after, when she began to accept the company of young men, and learned the ways of other girls, she often blushed to think how frank she must have been. She did not want to hurt his feelings, she remembered, and in some way had tried to tell him she could not write then; not because she had any reason to dislike him, but because she was too young and not through school yet. She would accept him as her first correspondent and

write the first letter when she began to accept company, she wrote him.

An odd letter it *must* have been to Leigh, who was used to girls her age being considered grown, having company, flirting, and even marrying at sixteen and seventeen. But she was all unconscious of it. When she had gone away to college, she learned more and more the ways of the world, but the sincere life of her early days at Leeland, apart from the swim and whirl, with no father or brothers seemed ever to cause young men to not quite understand her, to think of her as being reserved and cold, though all liked her. If she could not love them, she would not encourage their attentions. She never did get used to the flirty ways of the world. In other words, she was by nature and training an "old-fashioned girl" with high motives and a sweet, home-making spirit. "The heart of her husband would safely trust in her."



## CHAPTER VI

"Nowhere on earth is woman's smile so sweet as in Virginia."

Evangeline came home the second year from college, a graduate, worn out with hard study, and having a severe cold, it resulted in pneumonia. By the last of June she was convalescent, and the first days of July could walk around some, thanks to Mammy's nursing of "pewmoni."

The Fourth was a nice day and Evangeline celebrated it by lying in the hammock under the pines reading. Near noon she fell asleep. A fly kept walking on her cheek. She brushed it away and turned her face deeper into the pillows, and was again lost in unconsciousness when someone took her hand and kissed it softly. Startled, she drew it away and gave a little cry of alarm as, half awake, she saw a young man kneeling by her side. Then a voice said gently,

"Pardon me if I frightened you, but do you not know me, little cousin? I was just playing 'The Prince and Sleeping Beauty' as we used to of old."

Fully awake now, as she sat up on the side of the hammock, she saw before her a perfect blond, handsome as a picture, in a cadet suit of grey.

"Is it *really* you, Maudrey?"

"Really me, coz. To prove it, see here," and he drew from his pockets some childish trinkets she had given him long ago. They both laughed.

"Now won't you greet me with a kiss as of old?" said he, sitting down beside her.

"I think you have already had such a greeting without permission," said she blushing.

“I don’t *have* to ask permission of my own cousin, of my only sister. I settled that question years ago. Say, do you know, cousin, you are a perfect American beauty? Stand up and we will see which has the taller grown. Well, well, up above my shoulders! We are both eighteen, aren’t we?” said he, taking in with admiration her beautiful figure. “Do remove those hair-pins and let me see how much that brown mass has grown. My! Evangeline, it falls way below your knees. It is well enough aunt Virginia lives in this sweet, secluded spot, or you would make all the boys’ hearts go smash sure. You remind me of one of Charles Dana Gibson’s girls.”

“Why, Maudrey, do you think me a flirt?”

“No, no, coz, you are so innocent and sweet the boys could not help but love you. *I know*, for these fashion plates we have to talk to are a bore sure.”

“Do you know I will believe you do nothing but flatter, if you do not stop, and will be disappointed in you if ’tis true. Give an account of yourself. Did you drop from the skies by my side?”

“No, I came by way of the big gate, saw aunt Virginia, and waited a *whole* five minutes for ‘Sleeping Beauty’ to awake.” And his eyes twinkled, for he loved to tease her. “Come, coz, les’ make way for the June-apple-tree. I’m just from Washington and Lee and as hungry as can be. You see I am a poet—but do you walk much? You have had the fever, haven’t you, cousin? Here, take my arm and we will walk slow.” To the orchard they went. “You rest awhile—

“‘Under the shade of the old apple-tree’”

sang he in rich baritone; “and I will gather some of the ripest reds.” Then down by the lake they went.

“Cousin, while I am here, I am going to make two little boats for you to put on the lake, paint them white, with a top to them to keep off sun and rain, and christen them some pretty names.”

“That’s just what I have been wanting, Maudrey.”

“Is our playhouse still standing?”

“Oh, yes, and many of our playthings as you and I left them.”

“I declare I feel like a perfect kid again. Have you that big doll that would talk, and was so pretty?”

“Yes, I will always keep her.”

“I love dolls yet, though the boys laugh at me for keeping mine. We will read together this summer. I brought quite a number of new books. Won’t it be grand out under the trees in the deep blue-grass, with you sewing while I read aloud?”

“It has been five or six years since I saw you. Why have you not come before when you wrote you would? I have looked for you every summer.”

“Oh, mother is always asking me to go to some summer resort; but chains would not have kept me away this time. What’s that white through the trees?”

“Our new church. We will go and see it.”

“Did you and aunt Virginia have it built?”

“Yes, in memory of father.”

“I like that, Evangeline, better than a grand stone.”

“I do too. It is full every Lord’s day, and a hundred on roll in Sunday school. Have you been baptized, Maudrey?”

“Yes, in school, and belong to the Christian Church. Do you?”

“Yes, because it joins all Christians in *one* great body of love and service, and every one likes that name,

though I attend and help all churches when opportunity affords.”

“What have you named this building?” said he, looking at the pillared porch.

“Bethany.”

“I like the auditorium. The walls are so white and the baby-blue trimmings set it off.”

“The gallery at the back is for the darkies of Liberty.”

“Peanut-gallery, eh? Pardon me, cousin, I can’t be real solemn for any length of time.”

“Come down here and see the Sunday school classrooms,” and she led the way. “This one is mine.”

“My! matting on the floor, white wood-work, dainty wall paper, white curtains to the windows, potted plants and ferns on the window-sills, a little library, and just lots of pictures of the Madonna and the Christ-child on the wall,” said he, missing nothing. “Children would become good in *this* room by absorption.”

“*Noblesse oblige*, cousin,” said she courtesying.

“Now, Lady Bountiful, what else have we to see and hear?”

“Nothing, only I have a sewing-class Saturday afternoons and read to the girls while they sew and embroider.”

“I’ll buy a thimble and be ready,” he said as he closed the door behind them.

“Miss ’Vangeline, Mr. Maudrey, dinnah’s waitin’,” called Mammy.

“Listen, it does not sound natural to have Mammy put a title to my name. It used to be, ‘’Vangeline, Maudrey, cum heah quick.’ Dear old soul, I have not seen her yet. Do you ever hear from our governess?”



“Yes, often. Where will you attend school this winter?”

“At the University of Virginia. Where are *you* going?”

“To Bethany, West Virginia.”

“In two years we will be through school, and will have graduated about three times, will we not, cousin?”

“Yes—yes, I suppose we will. Maudrey, do you know a Mr. Leigh in eastern Virginia?”

“N-o, no, I have never met him. My! cousin, how you blush. He is not your sweetheart, is he, Evangeline?”

“Why no, Maudrey, I *have* no sweetheart. I met him two years ago and think he is nice and thought you might know him.”

“No, but I know he *is* nice if you think so. Pardon me for walking so fast. I have made you cough. Do your lungs hurt?”

“Yes, when I cough. Soon as I am able, uncle Isom will saddle mother’s horse and mine—Lassie Jean and Lady—and we will go riding every nice day when the sun is low. I want to grow real strong again,” and the cousins went in to see Mammy.

## CHAPTER VII

"The only work of vital and lasting importance  
is the fashioning of human character."

A wave of handkerchiefs as the train pulled out and Evangeline was off for college again. 'Twas rather a tiresome trip, but one of the professors met her at the station a few miles away. 'Twas a bright night and before long she could see a large building outlined in the moonlight on an immense hill. Then the whole campus came into view, showing couple after couple of boys and girls, some seated on the grass, some walking about, and some leaning on the fence.

"Open the gate, please," said the professor, and three or four young men obeyed. As they drove in, she heard them say, "Ah! a new girl."

On nearing Phillips Hall, the abode of the girls, the sound of mandolin and guitar came from the porch. But the girls disappeared as if by magic as the surrey drove up. The matron met her.

"Will you come into the parlor?" said she.

"No, thank you. I had rather go to my room, for I'm tired," replied Evangeline.

After chatting a while the matron said, "If you want anything, I am just down the hall. Goodnight."

"Thank you. Goodnight."

She wrote a letter to her mother, took a bath, and retired. All at once the sweetest, softest music sounded just outside in the hallway. Looking through the key-hole she saw a group of girls seated in a half-circle on the floor around her door with mandolins and guitars.



When they had finished, she opened the door slightly and poured out two dozen large apples.

“Oh! thank you, thank you,” said they, hurrying around for the apples.

Next morning two girls, Nan Westwood and Katherine Ralston, came to her room to take her to breakfast and over to chapel. The college was stately and commanding, and its walls seemed to hold many a story. They entered the corridor. Oh! that corridor to every student of Bethany—twenty feet wide and extending the whole length of the building; closed on one side by the college wall; open on the other with columns like a porch, from which one looked out over the ballground and tennis courts, on over the rolling, grass-covered hills of West Virginia. The place was swarming with students. Now two girls, two boys, a boy and a girl, then a whole phalanx of boys and girls, talking, walking, and laughing, and all eyed the new girl, who would rather they did not.

That night a reception was given at Phillips Hall for the boys and girls to meet the new girls. There were only two, Evangeline and her roommate, Grace Cooper. They met one hundred young men; each had a two minutes' talk and asked nearly the same questions.

“Your home is in Virginia, I believe, Miss Lee? How do you like Bethany? I suppose you live on a plantation amid cotton fields and orange groves?”

When she answered that she had never seen a very large field of cotton and *never* an orange tree growing, they asked in a surprised tone,

“Why, I thought you were from the South?”

“I *am*, but we call Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Texas—and those States—South. At least, that is where the orange blossoms grow.”

Out of the number of boys Evangeline mentally noted about twenty as being *very* nice, the others did very well, and only one Virginia boy and one Kentucky boy were there.

Next morning she unpacked her trunk, took out her pictures, and began to arrange her room. Soon it was full of girls making informal calls, some seated on the trunk, the bed, in the windows, on the floor, and one on the radiator, all enjoying the goodies their hostess passed around, which is ever near a student's heart.

"Where—did—you—buy—such—lovely cakes?" said one, her mouth so full there was danger of being choked.

"Mammy made them."

"Oh! girls, we will all visit her in the summer. Do tell us about black Mammy. 'Tis so romantic; but are you not afraid of her?"

"Afraid of Mammy? Why no!"

"I knew you were a Southerner by your brogue," said the other in a superior, patronizing way.

Evangeline felt like saying, "I knew you were a Northerner from the cold, unladylike, unrefined way you have and by your 'caukulating' to do so and so; your 'Yes, indeed' and your 'lame shoulder.' But she remembered she was her guest and only said,

"Yes, I'm an eastern Virginian and we are rather proud of our brogue."

"*You all are, are you?*" said the other sarcastically, nudging a girl by her side. "*I am a Yankee and we are proud of our learning.*"

Evangeline answered nothing as she showed Nan a picture of her home, but she felt like saying, "It takes learning and *refinement* too to make a lady," and made up her mind if that girl was in any of her classes she

should not get ahead of her, and she never did. 'Twas a new experience to Evangeline to be in a class-room with forty or fifty boys and just four girls. Such was the Bible-class, and in psychology she was the only girl. At dinner three days after she came, one girl said to another,

“With whom were you on ‘biz’ last Sunday?”

“Mr. Moninger.”

“Have you a ‘biz’ for next Saturday evening?”

“Yes, indeed.”

“Are you going on ‘biz,’ Miss Lee, while you are at Bethany?”

“I’m sure I do not know. Do you ride or walk?”

“Either and neither,” replied the girl laughing, “I must go, for my ‘biz’ is waiting.”

Sunday morning Evangeline received a pretty note which read,

“Dear Miss Lee:

“Will you allow me the pleasure of being your ‘biz’ to church this morning?

“Very truly,

“Willet.”

Knocking on Nan’s door she said,

“Do tell me what ‘biz’ means.”

“Oh! don’t you know?”

“I must confess that I do not. Sometimes I think I do, but it is used in so many ways I am at sea.”

“Well, before girls were admitted to Bethany, young ministerial students went out in the country to preach, as they do now. One young man met a very sweet girl who became his sweetheart. He would go calling on her, telling the boys he went on business. Contracted to ‘biz’

it has been ever since at Bethany a word in any way connected with beau. Is that a 'biz' note?"

"I suppose you would call it so here."

"Who from?"

"Mr. Willet."

"Which one?"

"The dreamy-eyed one."

"He's all right. You ought to feel complimented, for he has never gone with any of the girls here, except one other. And the girls think he is so handsome and nice."

She answered the note in the affirmative, but never used 'biz,' as it was too new to her.

As they came from Society Friday night, all at once fifty voices, on the corridor, began the college yell,

"Hi! Yi! Yi!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Yah! Whoo! Bethany!  
Cha hee! Cha hee!  
Cha! ha! ha! ha!  
Bethany! Bethany!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Some girl answered,

"Tick tack!  
Tick tack!  
Tick tack taw!  
Phillip's Hall! Phillip's Hall!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Then the whole corridor took up the college song, except Evangeline.



“My father sent me to old Bethany,  
Resolved that I should be a man,  
And so I settled down in that quiet little town  
On the banks of the old Buffalo.

“On the banks of the Old Buffalo, my boys,  
Where old Bethany evermore shall stand,  
For has she not stood since the time of the flood  
On the banks of the Old Buffalo.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Evangeline liked Nan best of the girls. The latter had been to school there three years. So had Mr. Tolar, her friend from New York. As the two girls entered the corridor Monday morning, Tolar tipped his hat, saying,

“May I have the pleasure of walking with you two?”

“Certainly.”

“I heard you had a smoke-out last night.”

“Yes.”

“In honor of Miss Lee, I suppose, to get her fully initiated.”

“Yes,” said Nan, “but being warned she had even the key-hole stopped.”

“Good, Miss Lee. The next, no doubt, will be a serenade.”

“Yes,” laughed Nan.

“Oh! I enjoy serenades,” said Evangeline, thinking of the one the night she came.

“*Do you?* Then promise me you will express your appreciation to me of the coming one on the morning after,” said Tolar, hiding a twinkle in his eyes.

“I promise, and is it the custom to throw flowers?”

“Ask Miss Westwood.”

“I think not,” said Nan.



“Do you belong to the serenading club, Mr. Tolar?”

“No, Miss Lee, I have never had that honor, not being musical.” Just then the bell rang and they went in.

A week or two later Evangeline's roommate was sick and was in the hospital wing; and the former had sat up late to study a hard lesson. Her head had scarcely touched the pillow before she was asleep, though she hardly had done so until an awful noise awoke her, as if some one was sawing into the glass in the windows and cutting tin with a knife, with other horrible sounds. She could stand it no longer; shaking with fear she stole into Nan's room and crawled into bed with her, whispering,

“Is it burglars? What shall we do?” holding Nan close. She could feel Nan shaking too. “Why don't some of the boys from the Heights come and shoot them?” in despair.

“Oh! *do* let—me—hear—you—tell—my—biz—how—you—enjoyed—the—serenade! 'Tis a horse-fiddle,” laughed Nan.

“A *what?*” light beginning to dawn upon her.

“A horse-fiddle. The boys put old tin cans, and anything that will make an awful noise, in a box and slip it in the hallway, after dark, with long waxed strings fastened to them to go under the door. They get way down the hillside and pull them.”

“Is *your* biz in it?”

“No, don't you remember he told you he was not musical, and had not the honor of belonging to the club.”

“No wonder. Please do not tell him. I never can.”

She would not go on the corridor next morning, but when the bell rang, went straight to chapel. Tolar and

Nan kept looking at her and smiling all through the hymns. A small note was passed to her. It read,

“Remember your promise. Did you throw flowers last night?”

On looking up her eyes met Tolar's twinkling ones. She smiled and shook her head.

Sunday night Nan spent with Evangeline. They had retired, but were talking, as girls will. Suddenly under their window sounded a chord on a guitar and there followed one of the sweetest serenades they had ever heard, gentlemen's voices soft and low. As they peeped from behind the curtain, they saw Tolar and knew he had planned it.

“Say, Nan, I will give them some of the flowers that I received today. You tie them with this ribbon while I write the note. Here, read it.”

“Nan and I enjoyed the serenade ever, ever so much. Accept our thanks. I have kept my promise. Goodnight.

“M. E. Lee, N. Westwood.”

Tying it securely in the flowers, she slipped on a dress and when they were singing “Goodnight, ladies,” raised the window noiselessly and dropped them at his feet. The others made a dash for them, but he was too quick. The singing died away toward the Heights and the girls went to sleep.

Next morning, as Evangeline entered the corridor, she met Nan and Tolar, just as Willet tipped his hat to her, and begged her company for a walk in the sea of moving students. Tolar wore a rose. He pointed to it and said, “Thank you” as they passed, and his eyes twinkled merrily.

## CHAPTER VIII

“Beautiful Bethany! Wilt thou not, like me, soon change?  
No more I'll wander through thy glades,  
Seek thy open corridor, thy cooling shades—  
Farewell!”

Evangeline sat at her window, watching the Buffalo as it wound in and out among the hills. She had not accepted any “biz,” because she wanted to write a letter. She had been thinking she would for a long time. 'Twas Sunday evening and everything was quiet, as all the girls had gone to church; but somehow she did not find it easy to write. Moonbeams on the brook appeared and still she sat thinking.

That week she had received a lovely box of flowers from Kentucky University—no message, except a card with the inscription “Leolaine Leigh” upon it. She must thank him for the flowers—that was easy enough—but she had promised years ago to correspond with him, to write the first letter. The flowers were a gentle reminder. Of all the young men she had ever met he was the most gentlemanly, the most refined. She would enjoy his letters, because he was so nice. She wished she had written to him when he had first asked her; and she *would* have, had she not been so timid. Now there was a sensitiveness—a feeling that it was not just a lady's place to write the first, or rather introductory, letter, which she would never forget, and in the future that feeling would ever keep her reserved with him. She could never be easy and her own self, yet there was her girlish promise. The moon was dipping low on the Buffalo. Her pen began to move.

“Dear Mr. Leigh :

“Please accept my thanks for the beautiful flowers I received. American beauties have always been my favorites of the roses. They have been admired by all the girls. ’Twas nice of you to remember me in such a way.

“Memory suggests to me a certain promise I made to you a few years ago in regard to my being added to your list of correspondents. I appreciated you asking me even then, but I was a mere girl. I accept company here and have some very pleasant friends. Will enjoy fulfilling your request now, if you will pardon my timidity of former years. I have always made it a rule to never break a promise.

“Again thanking you for the roses, will say goodbye.

“Sincerely,

“Margaret E. Lee.”

Monday morning Evangeline and her roommate sat under a big maple, studying their lesson in Moral Science, and two boys occupied the nearest tree to them. ’Twas the custom of the students to gather under the trees of the campus between classes. The thoughts of the two boys, just then, were confined to no particular text-book, but dwelt upon Gibson’s “Eternal Question.”

“Say, Kentucky,” said the Virginia boy, “I feel sorry for our little Southern sister, over there, in this Northern atmosphere. She retains well the refined manner of our sweet sunny Southland. Nan, Katherine, Rella, Stella, and Grace are more like Southerners, but the rest possess one of the feeling that a house is on fire, and while they can be of no assistance, they will elbow



room all the same, or die in the attempt. I'm glad the South knows no such word as 'squelch.' These nutmeg Yankees think it a mark of their *intelligence*. We would not speak to a negro servant as they do to every one, for all they love (?) the negro. The other day I heard Miss Lee ask that personification of Yankeeism, the lesson in Political Economy.

"'Are you not capable of finding it for yourself,' she answered scornfully. It was as much the manner as the speech. She gloried that she had 'squelched' her; all the more because Miss Lee was too much of a lady to resent her insult.

"'I'll pay that lady up, see if I don't.

"'I was soon taught a lesson when I came here. Those snaky-cold beings fell in love with me. You need not laugh, they *did*.'

"'Then you made love to them.'

"'No, I declare I did not. The poor things had been raised on the cold storage plan until mere politeness made them think I was deep in love with them.'

"'You should not be so hard, I know some nice Northern girls.'

"'The exceptions, generally you will find, had Southern parents. I know we have our faults in Dixie, but we have as good right to try to compel them to see our way only—through our glasses—as they have us. I admit we did wrong in owning slaves. Many of our men thought so, but as they had them, they did the best they could for them. Tell me who owns slaves now in '96? Who are the monopolists? Northern men, enslaving both North and South, both white and black, yellow and red. They depend on their masters for their meat



and bread. Votes are the same as bought, because they are thrown out of work if they vote against the masters' wishes."

"Yes, now and then a Northern king gets conscience smitten and sends a few thousand that he has stolen from the South in the war, or as a monopolist, back as a present to some institution for the 'mountain whites' or 'Southern blacks,' and next year raises his price on oil, until he makes it back. Which has the most right to talk about the others?"

Just then G. B. Stuart, Phillip Johnson, and Errett McDiarmid joined the two boys. Kentucky wrote on a bit of paper,

"Miss Lee, tell me what you think about the needs of the South."

and flipped it over at her feet. She blushed, but did not pick it up. Her roommate did and spread it out for Evangeline to read. The latter scribbled her answer on a bit of paper in her note-book and the two girls laughed softly at the waiting boys, for they knew she would not answer notes during class hours. But Grace, in fun, got the paper and flipped it back at them. Kentucky announced its contents joyously.

"To tell you truly, more education for the South *by* the South, and still retain their refinement. More education for the darky *by* the darky—like Booker Washington."

"Hurrah! for our Virginia girl!" sang out Kentucky, all smiles upon her and soon tossed back another note—

“Say, Miss Lee, won’t you please, please give us an essay on the ‘mountain whites’ for next Friday night at the Neotrophian Literary Society?”

Evangeline said to Grace,

“I’ll not write anything that you can throw this time, but when I may speak to the owner of this message, will say that the ‘mountain white,’ as he expressed it, is the hope of our nation; and I will do what I can to give them a good essay Friday night, for the boys of that society have been so nice to us.”

Grace scratched away in her tablet as Evangeline talked, then was very intent with her lessons. All at once the latter heard her very words being repeated by the Kentuckian, who stood up and delivered it to his audience. Grace had written as Evangeline talked and slipped it to the boys when she was not looking.

On Friday Evangeline received a half a dozen “biz” notes to be taken to society, but, of course, she accepted the one’s who asked her to write for the society. She was first on the programme and recited, without notes, the following:

“There’s a Macedonian cry from the mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia, ‘Come over and help us!’

“Who is it?

“As I am addressing a Northern audience, the answer comes readily enough, ‘The mountain whites.’

“Let me place before you a picture or two. First, the mountain, red-cheeked, barefoot boy and girl of the true Anglo-Saxon race, standing in the midst of beauty—in nature’s garden of arbutus and rhododendron, *purple* rhododendron, ferns, whole fields of them, knee-deep.

Whispering pines and murmuring brooks lull them to sleep, with ever sweet oxygen-laden breezes from the fragrance of the flowers of the forests, ever the songs of birds and bees. Ripening are these children in perfect purity. I bless thee, vision as thou art. I bless thee with the human heart! Mountain maiden with the meek brown eyes, the world hath quicksands, the world hath snares. No education? Little from books, but much from nature about them. Be careful, then, how you tread upon this ground. God made the mountains and the country, man the towns and tenements.

“The next picture is in the slums of the city—those dens of death both to body and soul. Bohemians, Turks—the trash of all nations—are crowded together to be made into beasts. For their hungry, pinched children instead of a bit of blue sky and nature’s garden, the poisonous air of dark, damp basements and tenements where the sunshine never enters. Instead of green fields and running brooks, dirt, filth, and rags, curses and blows. How is their longing for the beautiful fed?

“The last picture—the boy and girl of society parents, educated, perhaps, at Vassar, Harvard or Yale. The professors educate them in books, the students in life. What have we when they have finished their course and have made their debut into society? More often a smooth, polished man or woman of the world with a soul and life as black as the inhabitants of the slums, but educated in how to hide his sins.

“Now of the three pictures which had you rather educate? I say the mountain people. Why? Because the most benighted? No, because there is more foundation to make a real, genuine man or woman of character of them the quickest of any the United States over. Then



why call them 'mountain whites?' You do not nickname the people of the slums. You only say the slums. 'Mountain whites' makes them feel degraded. The *mountains* they *love*. Be broad enough and with enough brotherly love for the Anglo-Saxon to say 'mountain people'—a people without advantages. Educate them and they will, in turn, go as missionaries to the slums and society, and the teacher will not leave without his lessons from them too.

“They are criticized for their English, their dress, their cabins, and their ignorance, yet if a teacher trains them only in this, she need not have wasted her time. We know that they have need of all these; but education means so much more—the bringing out of a beautiful character, as a sculptor brings out of stone pure white pictures. In these mountains there are some of the finest stones from which to carve specimens of manhood and womanhood.

“To sum all up, the question is not to elevate the people morally, for their morality would shame our educated worldlings. 'Tis not one of their lack of faith, for theirs is the simple, firm faith of a child. Nor is it a missionary work of charity to a base, filthy place like the slums of the cities, for they come as near living in a Garden of Eden in respect to beautiful scenery, pure air, and water as any people of the earth—the home of a pure, clean race of good looking men with bright eyes and vigorous minds. Often colonial families from eastern Virginia, journeying westward, and lost in the Appalachian mountains, settled there, losing the advantages of their more fortunate brothers. Some think best to leave them alone with nature and God, contented. This might be, were it not that the greed of the world

already has found the natural resources of the mountains—the majestic poplars, oaks, and other timber; railroads are entering and coal-fields are being opened up. Therefore, the mountain people need true education to teach them how to meet the outside world. They need to retain their virtues and individuality and become acquainted with only the best elements of modern civilization, for our civilization carries with it evils. The question is, How can we give them our best advantages and leave our faults behind? To accomplish this we must send, not cheap teachers, but the *very best*, and most consecrated. Trained by *such* teachers we will have a people who will raise the standard of our whole nation.

“Mountainous Switzerland is one of the most beautiful countries of the world and its liberty-loving people one of the best. To the Appalachian mountains must we look for our Switzerland of America.

“God bless our mountains!”

The two Southern boys were overjoyed, and amid the applause that followed Evangeline found her place. She had no sooner done so that Errett McDiarmid leaned over and whispered to her,

“I’m coming down to teach some mountain children when I’m through school. They interest me since you passed such a compliment upon them; that is, if you think I’m capable.”

“We will be glad to have you.”

“Yes,” joined in Kentucky, “you will never be sorry that you took your post-graduate course there. Hazel Green is not a great distance from my home.”

“I, too, am trying to fit myself for one of your teachers, Miss Lee. Look for me in Virginia,” whispered Phillip Johnson.



“Thank you.”

“Who would have ever guessed such deep thought from such a quiet, modest girl?” said Willet to G. B. Stuart. “I would love to know if the large diamond she wears is an engagement ring.”

“I can’t inform you, old boy; we would all love to know. She had it when she came.”

## CHAPTER IX

“We should look up for help and then down to help.”

“Here’s a pretty letter for you, Miss Lee. It’s pale blue and smells so faintly sweet. It must be from way off,” said seven-year-old Garda, the dining-room woman’s little girl, who carried the mail to the girl’s rooms.

“Thank you, Garda.”

“Dear Miss Lee:

“Am glad you enjoyed the flowers; and I am certainly pleased to know that it was no depreciation of me that caused you to refuse my petition of former years. It has ever been my desire to be gentlemanly, in every sense, to all ladies. I trust you deem me none the less worthy because I expressed my desire to hear from you a few years ago. I appreciated you—as a *little girl*—very much. I was just your age then, too, and not an *old gentleman*. Young ladies are only girls grown tall.

“It may not interest you to know that I am taking the ministerial course now, and like it very much. Brother McGarvey is such a splendid Bible teacher.

“When you answer this missive, please tell me all about Bethany and the interesting places surrounding. I enclose our college song.

““Come, boys, sing to old K U.

And sing to wake the echoes, too.

To the crimson flag our hearts are true.

Come, boys! Come, boys! sing to old K U.

“‘K U, K U, we love thy crimson glory,  
K U, K U, in legend, song, and story.  
K U, K U, oh loud her praises tell,  
K U, K U, thy name shall ever dwell.’

“I would be glad to receive your Bethany college song.

“Au revoir,  
“Most truly your friend,  
“Leolaine Leigh.”

As she folded up her letter, Nan's voice sounded through the hall,

“The ball team has gone to play ‘Little Washington’ and the professors are going to take the girls. Hurry up, everybody! The matron will chaperon us and we are going in a great big bus draped in college colors, for we must show those Washington and Jefferson boys that there are girls at Bethany as well as boys.”

When at last they drove into town, it was to see Bethany beaten for the first time in her twenty games of that year. But the victorious ones were going to give a banquet to the defeated at the best hotel. Bethany girls were sought by both Bethany, and Washington and Jefferson boys, and a splendid time they had, as only school-girls *can* have.

After study hours all fall there were games of tennis and croquet. In the winter came the jingle of sleigh-bells and merry rides through tunneled bridges to Wellsburg. Now and then there were banquets by the fraternities, and the two societies every Friday night kept little Garda tripping upstairs to announce to each girl that her “biz” waited below.

Thus passed the winter. With spring came walks to "Lover's Retreat," "Logan's Hollow," the hanging bridge, to the cemetery and the Campbell homestead where Mrs. Campbell, ninety-five years old, would give each student a parting blessing.

One Saturday afternoon Evangeline sat all alone under a large tree of the campus reading a letter from Leon. Most of the students had gone for botany specimens. She was thinking over the paragraph,

"I will be going home in May. Will you let me stop to see you? It has been a long time since we met."

when a soft step startled her, and looking up she met the tender, dreamy eyes of Willet. He held his hat in one hand and a book in the other.

"Pardon me, Miss Lee, but may I talk a little while? I'm tired of reading."

"Certainly," said she, dropping the sheets of her letter hurriedly in her book in her lap.

"Are you studying the lesson in Mental Philosophy?"

"No."

"Moral?"

"No, guess again."

He gently took the book from her lap.

"Oh! my letter!" said she.

"Certainly," but he had already opened it, and the post-mark and signature on the letter faced him.

"Won't you let me read it?" looking at her inquiringly.

"I can hardly grant that petition," blushing and taking the letter while he retained the book.

For a long time he said nothing, then turning over the pages of the book he said,



“*The* book isn’t it, Miss Lee. Please read aloud the lesson, and we will study it together. My throat hurts. It’s in Revelations, about Christ and His bride, such a beautiful comparison. I am preparing a sermon on that text; and can picture in my mind a beautiful young lady clad in snowy whiteness, giving to the man she loves, her hand, heart, and life, proud to bear his name and troubles, because she loves him. Thus we accept the Christ. I have often wondered how those who have accepted Him could be content with any other name except Christian, and why some dislike us because we call ourselves Christians.”

When they had finished the lesson, he said,

“You would make such a good minister’s wife. *I* came to be made ready for the ministry. Did you come to be trained for the queen of some parsonage and parish?”

She blushed, for that truly was one reason, because she had always thought her husband would be a minister.

“I should not have asked that question; but I wish for you the happiest life that can be given to mortals. The letter and the ring you wear keep me from saying some things I wish to say; lucky the favored one.”

It was only her mother’s diamond wedding ring, but she thought best to say nothing. Just then Harry Hill and Katherine Ralston, Herbert Moninger and Grace, Nan and Tolar were seen coming toward them. The girls had their handwork. As they drew near, Willet said,

“Please, will you be my ‘biz’ for the rest of the afternoon? At four the ball team is going to serve the faculty and students with ice cream and cake.”

If the reader gets the impression that no studying



was done at Bethany, then it is a sure fact that he was never a student there. For they alone know the hard lessons and strict professors; and if he thinks the incidents herein mentioned never occurred, let him ask any student of the years '95 and '96 and he will tell him the same and a great deal more, for *all* would fill a book in itself.

To all students and professors of "Old Bethany" who may read these pages, greetings! Especially to those of the years mentioned above. There is such a sweet spirit of loyalty and affection that hovers around Bethany that when one has once experienced it, it never dies. Be they from North, East, South or West, they all love and are loyal to their Alma Mater.

## CHAPTER X

“Housework is for today; home work is for eternity.”

“Hyah, Christine, fix this dressin’ an’ eggs fo’ me. Nen yo’ run down in de cellah an’ fotch me dat big fruit cake an’ de ice-cream. I can’t leab dis tu’key fo’ uh minit, kaze I wan’ hit uh light yallah. Ize got sumfin’ ob ebbah ting I ken pet muh han’s on fo’ suppah tonight. Hyah! ta’ keer, Ize drapped de dishrag. *Somebody* is uh-comin’ hungry sho,” and Mammy indulged in a fat-sides chuckle. “Ize knows huh’s good an’ hungry attah stayin’ so long wid dem light bread an’ crackah Yankees. Dis suppah mus’ be on time tuh de berry no’ch.” Mammy shaded her eyes and scanned the road up and down. “Isom’s hed neahly time tuh be back. Bless huh soul, Mammy wan’s tuh see huh sho. Chris, run in de big ’ouse an’ look outen de doh an’ see ef yo’ sees dem comin’.”

After waiting some time she said to herself, “Wondah whut dat gal’s uh-doin’?” and she started with the turkey in her hands into the dining-hall, which was darkened. All at once someone caught her.

“Guess who it is,” said a happy voice in the darkness.

“Bless de good Lo’d, honey, is dat yo’? How yo’ git in hyah? I nebbah heahd uh soun’, nuh seen uh sign o’ yo’, doh I watched de road contin’ly.”

“To surprise you I had uncle Isom drive around the other way and come in over the grass so you would not hear us, for I knew your eyes were at that kitchen window.”

Mammy raised the blind to get some light and exclaimed,

“Bless me, honey, ef I didn’ know ’twuz yo’, I’d say ’twuz muh lady Mahg’ret, only purtier eben, an’ des lak huh in yo’ dignity ways.”

“Um-m-m-m! how good everything smells!”

“Set right down tuh de table, honey, an’ I brings de res’ in fas’, fo’ I knows yo’ is hungry.”

“This looks like a banquet of one of the fraternities, Mammy, only better.”

“Don’ knows ’bout dat yo’ speaks ob, honey, but mos’ de t’ings is ’licious tonight.”

“How good it is to be at home once more. There is something so stately and grand about our home, isn’t there, Mother?”

“Yes, dear, your papa made Leeland beautiful for us and I am glad you like it. In it I want to spend my life, and you live on in the old homestead. I am glad you have not changed.”

“Thank you, Mother, I had rather have you say that than anything. Being with Northern people made me a stronger Southerner, and also to appreciate them for their worth, too.”

“Humph!” said Mammy, with a curl of her nose. “Dey ought tuh be wuth right smart attah scavengerin’ ’bout in de Souf durin’ de wah.”

“Mammy, I mean not their money, but their energy.”

“Yo’ wouldn’ say dat so sof’ ef yo’ wuz yo’ gre’t gran’ma dat libed den. Yo’s right ’bout dat enuhgy; dey could roust ’bout an’ tek off de gre’t big hosses ob de womens in a jiffy,” and Mammy hustled into the kitchen for biscuits.

An hour or so they lingered in the dining-hall until Evangeline had to protest,

“No, no, Mammy, I must not eat any more tonight. Everything was *so* good, and I have enjoyed my supper more than I can ever express. Thank you so much for the time you spent on it—all for me. Now, come, let me show you what I have brought you and mother and uncle Isom. While he unstraps my trunk, I’ll run take a peep in each room.”

Up she went, singing, “On the Banks of the Old Buffalo,” but soon changed it to “Home, Sweet Home.”

“Whut’s in dis big box, honey chile?”

“That’s my paintings, see?”

“’Pon muh wo’d, ef dat ain’ me an’ yo’, honey, when yo’ lil baby. An’ dah Miss Virgini an’ Marse Robert, an’ dis look at de purty pictahs o’ ebbah t’ing obah dah. Did yo’ ra’ly mek dem, honey?”

“Yes.”

“Wal, wal, de pahlah will sho shine now. Ize gwine leab dem dishes till mawnin’, soz I ken set on de po’ch in de moonlight an’ heah yo’ play on dat guitah.”

There was rejoicing in that little home circle that night.



## CHAPTER XI

"Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West,  
Thro' all the wide Border his steed was the best."

Uncle Ed, aunt Celeste, and Maudrey arrived Wednesday morning. After the greetings were over, Maudrey said:

"Aunt Virginia, 'tis such a nice morning I want to take Evangeline for a little drive. May I?"

"Yes, Maudrey, but do not be late for dinner."

Once out of the gate and rolling along the gravel, he exclaimed,

"Do tell me about the house party. I'm dying to know. Who on earth have you for me?"

"The sweetest girl I know, Maudrey, Muriel Murland, my roommate when at Virginia College. I just love her and I know you—you—"

"I will. Is that it? Um! We will wait and see. That tender emotion for the fair ones has never visited this heart of mine—except for you, little cousin. Is she a blonde or a brunette?"

"She is pretty, Maudrey, has brown eyes and brown lashes, and yellow hair that waves. She is not so slender as I am or so tall. Has the sweetest disposition, a most graceful manner; and a pure white soul."

"That's a very nice description. Not hard to love I should think. Now who else?"

"Nan Westwood and Mr. Tolar, who are engaged; Katherine Ralston and Harry Hill, also engaged. These are Bethany schoolmates of mine. I invited Grace Cooper, my roommate, and Herbert Moninger, but they



could not come. Neither could Mr. Willet, because he is having trouble with his throat."

"I see, four couples and no more. 'Tis certainly nice of you, Evangeline, to give us two weeks so enjoyable, and I am at your service for any assistance I can give. I suppose it's the thing for those not engaged to become engaged. Now I must take aunt Virginia's little girl home for dinner. So tomorrow afternoon I'm to be the host and go with uncle Isom to the station after the party. Oh! my heart is getting weak even now."

"Honey, dey's comin'. I heah's de click o' de big gate."

Sure enough, up the driveway came the carriages and two young men on horseback. In the receiving line on the great stone steps was the Leeland household, even to Mammy, who was ready for suitcases and bundles. Evangeline was the center of attraction. Everyone wished to greet her, and she was eager to welcome each guest. A little apart from the group stood a tall, handsome fellow who had just dismounted, modestly waiting his turn. He stepped forward gallantly, saying, as he extended his hand,

"Last, but not least, I hope, Miss Lee."

There was such sweet emphasis in his tone, and such an unmistakable look of admiration in his eyes that Evangeline could not keep the blushes from chasing each other across her cheeks as she said,

"Glad to see you again at Leeland, Mr. Leigh."

"Thank you, I have been looking forward with great pleasure to this date ever since you gave me permission to stop, but that I am to be a member of this house party is a delightful surprise beyond my dreamings. I see you can keep secrets until you are ready to reveal them. Let

me thank you in advance," and he took her arm as they went up the steps together.

Soon in the girls' rooms Mammy was opening suitcases that revealed tennis suits of white duck, pretty evening dresses, kimonos and dainty underwear, while in the boys' rooms uncle Isom bobbed about until Maudrey stopped him by a pat on the shoulder, saying,

"What are you doing, old boy?"

"Ize jes' puttin' de gem'ns' undahwah in de dressah."

"Say, boys, listen how disrespectfully he speaks of our white flannel suits. Be careful, uncle, and do not wrinkle them. Put our tennis slippers in the dressing-room; and when we have gone downstairs, give this box of candy and the basket of fruit to Mammy to give to the young ladies."

"All right, sah. Ken I be ob any sahvice tuh *yo'* sah?" and uncle Isom began to brush Leigh's coat.

"Thank you, uncle, I believe you may."

"Mistah Maudrey, don' fohgit de tube-rose fo' each gem'n's coat on de table dah."

On the white linen in the dining-hall was a meal that could come from no other than a Southern cook's hands. In the parlor after supper, there gathered quite a little string band—Nan at the piano, Katherine and Tolar with mandolins, Maudrey the banjo, Miss Murland the violin, Leigh and Evangeline guitars, and Harry Hill a harp.

The evening was a gay one, full of innocent mirth and with the hospitality characterizing Virginia homes. Not until late were the goodnights said,

The second night a full, new moon rose into a clear sky just as the dusk grew into darkness. "The Happy

Eight," as the party called themselves, with sofa-pillows and musical instruments went through the pines to spend the evening on Lake Lucerne. Moored to the bank were two pretty white boats waiting, one carpeted and furnished in baby-blue, the other in pink. Maudrey unfastened the first. Into it stepped Nan and Tolar.

"Come with us, Evangeline," Nan said.

Leigh helped her in, arranged the pillows, and took his place by her side. Off they glided.

Maudrey freed the second, and with the rest of the party sailed out after the other boat, singing,

"White Wings, they never grow weary,  
They carry me cheerily over the sea.  
White Wings, I long for you, dearie,  
I'll spread out my white wings  
And sail home to thee."

"A scene like this would make a crusty old maid grow romantic," said he, drawing alongside the others.

"It's like a poet's dream," added Leigh, who was gathering dripping lilies from their watery beds.

In a little while all dropped their oars, and let the boats go drifting here and there, while the melody of their stringed instruments and their voices floated up to Mrs. Lee and Mr. and Mrs. Legend like the voices of the night. 'Twas not long until Maudrey's crew sailed down to the farthest end of the lake to feed the fish. In the other boat there was silence. Leigh and Tolar, lost in inspiration, had changed seats with the ladies and sat side by side opposite them with blank books, trying to put in words the beauty of the hour. Nan hummed a song, accompanying it with a soft touch on the guitar.



In the sweet calm Evangeline's heart lay at rest, filled with a blissful sense of peace, as she idly dipped her hand in the water by the boat's side, lost in dreams as she loved to do.

Some ten or fifteen minutes she sat thus, when something caused her to look up; to find, at one glance, that Tolar alone was writing, Nan weaving something out of a kind of waterweed. Singing floated soft and low from the other boat; while the deep, wonderful eyes of Leigh were reading her face. For how long she knew not; but time could never efface from her memory the impression of that glance. There was in his soul-speaking eyes trust, tenderness, boundless love, devotion, worship, and all that was good, as if she were the purest, most beautiful creature his eyes ever looked upon.

The color arose at once to her cheeks, even though she tried not to notice it, and in her confusion she dropped half the water-lilies she held in her lap. He felt so embarrassed that he had been suddenly caught with his soul in his eyes that he was glad enough to fish for the flowers. When he gave them again to her, there was such an air and look of, "I most humbly beg your pardon, Miss Lee," that she felt sorry for him, yet she said only, "Thank you" and turned to help Nan weave, while he and Tolar finished their writing.

An hour or so afterward the other boat drew up alongside, and they rowed abreast to the shore, singing, "Goodnight, ladies" and went in for the night.



## CHAPTER XII

"I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers,  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers."

"Humph!" said uncle Isom, who gloried in "de fam'bly style." "Muh lil lady's got quality sho nuf dis time. Jes' yo' look out dah playin' tennis at all dem folks dress' in white fum dey haid to dey feets, gem'n an' ladies bof."

"Well, don' 'spose yo' ig'rance. Jes' ten' lak yo' see hit evvah day, an' I guess yo' will fo' *some time now*," said Mammy with a humiliating glance. "Yo' bettah watch which kyahd yo' puts on dat box o' flowahs Marse Maudrey ax yo' tuh han' tuh Miss Muhlan' wid his comp'iments, ur yo' will be uh-bobbin' an' scrapin' at huh doh wid dat box o' Mistah Leigh's white flannel breeches he sen' yo' fah in town, nen yo'—bless muh scul! yo's *done* gwine an' puts hit on dah already! Nen yo' *wud* uh-seed uh sight yo' nevvah seed befo'! Reckon Miss Muhlan' gwine wah Mistah Leigh's breeches?" and Mammy turned her face away to hide a smile.

Meanwhile, at the tennis court, Maudrey was scoring, "Forty I love. No, just *one* I love," and looked at Evangeline adoringly. She made it convenient to pass him to say,

"Quit putting that look in your eyes. If you *can't*, shut them tight."

He did, and when the ball came over, it struck him in the chest. He clasped both hands over his heart and said so everybody could hear,

“Oh! cousin, don’t break my poor heart both visibly and invisibly.” He loved to keep Leon in hot water, for he saw that he liked Evangeline very much, but tried so hard just to be pleasant to her and not let her *know* that he did. Then, too, he was a little jealous that Evangeline should like Leigh. She had always been his cousin and his only. He often made it convenient to speak low to her with a mysterious air and an attitude of devotion when all he had to say was,

“Tell me, coz, what dessert are we going to have today?” or, “Just see how Miss Murland would love to be you! Pretty, isn’t she?”

Sometimes he would go to the piano and sing in heartrending tones some sentimental song, looking at her beseechingly; then glance at Muriel to see if it bothered her.

“Mr. Leigh is to preach for us at Bethany next Sunday. I want to hear him so much,” said Evangeline to Maudrey as she tied his tie for him in her mother’s room.

“Do you, cousin? Well, *he* had rather preach to an audience of *one* on the text, ‘God is Love,’ or ‘We love Him, because he first loved us’.”

“Now, Maudrey.”

“*Of course* he would; and there are others who would enter the ministry just for that privilege.”

“You know ’tis not true.”

“True as steel; but you are so reserved that no man will ever know you to be the sweet, precious gem you are until they have known you as long as I have. Leigh will never look any nearer heaven than when he manages to get in a boat, alone with you, and drift toward the water-lilies and swans; especially, in the moonlight, when there

is soft music on shore, or in the other boat. He is ever gathering 'forget-me-nots' along the bank. I believe there is a certain little girl likes all this right well herself. Love with you, Evangeline, is never cheap, but always of the highest and best. In white suits, in a white boat, you and he make a pretty picture, cousin. I snapped one the other day—see here. You may have this one; I have already given Leigh one. Thank you for tying my tie," and kissing her, before she could prevent it, he was off singing,

"Gin a body meet a body coming through the rye,  
Gin *a body* kiss—"

and stopped short, bowing profusely to Muriel, who was descending the staircase right at him, face to face, but she turned quickly to *ascend*,

"Come back, Miss Murland, I am not so bad as I appear. I was just teasing cousin in the room there," and his hearty laugh rang out all through the house. By that time Evangeline arrived and putting her arm around Muriel they all three joined the reading-circle under the pines.

Next day the guests, in the honeysuckle arbor, were stemming cherries. Evangeline in the kitchen was preparing a shortcake, her sleeves rolled up, collar off, and neck turned in to keep cool. Her cheeks were red and the perspiration curled stray locks of her hair. She had just started to put part of the cake in the oven when someone caught her in his strong arms and around and around in a waltz he carried her, pan and all, singing, "Just One Girl." Mammy, who was putting down corn hoe-cakes, said,



“Marse Maudrey, do let de chile 'lone. Dat cake won' be ready fo' dinnah. Ize nevvah see sich uh monkey in all muh bawn days.”

“Say, Mammy, let me beat the biscuits,” said he, brushing the flour off of his coat.

“Yo's de one needs de beatin'.”

“Say, Mammy, don't you want a spin like dat?”

“I'll spin yo', yo' don' go tuh de yahd attah dem charries an' quit boddahin' 'roun' in dis kitchin.”

Evangeline had succeeded in getting her cake into the oven and and turned around to roll more when, to her surprise, Leon stood in the doorway, his hat in one hand, the dish of cherries in the other, a half-pleased expression in his eyes. He had seen it all.

“Please, Mammy, may I hand Miss Lee these cherries,” said he.

“Sut'nly, sut'nly,” replied she, courtseying low.

“Miss Lee, may I bring them in?”

“If you like,” said she, embarrassed.

“Such partiality is unendurable,” mockingly moaned Maudrey, sailing out to the arbor to return with the whole company, who stood just outside watching Evangeline rolling dough and Leon sitting by the table very much contented, Mammy, very important, shuffling about.

“Hurrah for the short-cake,” sang out Maudrey.

“Mr. Leigh's on 'biz' in the kitchen,” said Nan.

Uncle Isom came in at the big gate with the morning's mail and drew the ones outside to the front.

“A letter for Leigh from his best girl,” was heard above the other voices.

“Please excuse me, Miss Lee. I'll go before your cousin reads my letter, if I *have* any.”



Evangeline quickly donned her collar and rolled down her sleeves in her mother's room before joining the group; and was just in time to hear Maudrey sing out,

“A letter for Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hill!”

“Come, Miss Lee, you may share my letter with me, as I see you have none. It is from Brother McGarvey, with some catalogues like I had the first time I ever was at this enchanted spot. Would you not enjoy looking through them in the boat? It is nice and cool there,” ventured Leon, taking the opportunity while everyone else was interested in their letters.

A few minutes later “Silver Waves” glided from the shore out among the water-lilies. Somewhat later still the chime of the Japanese gong in the hall-way announced dinner.

That night was spent with Mammy in the kitchen, the girls making fudge, caramels, and other candies, while the young men hulled peanuts for the candy around the kitchen hearth, and toasted marshmallows over the lamps, keeping up a laugh at their merry jokes. There was a sweet manner characteristic of Evangeline that made the most commonplace duty dignified and important when she touched it. This Leon noticed, and it made his two visits to the kitchen most enjoyable.

With Mrs. Lee and Mr. and Mrs. Legend as chaperons several days were spent visiting interesting places in Virginia—Luray Cave, Endless Caverns, Natural Bridge, Lost River, The University of Virginia, Monticello and Washington and Lee.

“I have always wanted to see the marble statue of General Lee that reclines before the rostrum in the chapel, does it not?” asked Muriel.

“Yes, come this way, and you will see it in a very

few minutes, but the vault is just below, and General Lee's study is in the basement by the vault, with everything in it just as he left it. The carpet is too worn to be swept for company, Miss Murland," said Maudrey.

"I do not mind what 'Father Time' has done to the carpet. Now let us go see the study."

"What makes you tremble so, Miss Murland? Are you afraid of the dead?" he asked as she drew back and really clung to him, the others waiting, too.

"No, but it's *living!*"

Just then a black cat dashed through the crowd and more than one young man had a lady clinging to him.

"I could see its eyes shining in the dark in the basement long before it came up," she explained.

"You did not give me time to introduce you to General Lee's cat," and Maudrey's laugh roared through basement and chapel.

"Son, you'll wake the dead," said his father. By this time they were looking over a room that seemed filled with its owner's presence. "He was an excellent president: his natural ability and nobleness, a true F. F. V., his education, and then his training at West Point combined to make him so."

"I have often wondered why he was not buried at Arlington. 'Tis so pretty there."

"Pardon me, but we did not want him sleeping among the Yankees in his own yard, Miss Ralston," exclaimed Tolar, whose eyes danced like fire, for while he lived in New York City, he was a Democrat. "The parting scene between the General and his army was pathetic beyond description. As he rode slowly along the lines, we are told hundreds of his devoted veterans pressed around the noble chief, trying to take his hand, or even lay a

hand upon his horse. With head bare and tears flowing down his manly cheeks, he bade adieu to his army."

"Hey, Isom, we must be going," called uncle Ed from the chapel steps.

"Yas, sah," and a few minutes later they were homeward bound.

"So much sightseeing makes me hungry. Fish us out the rest of today's lunch and let us finish it," said Maudrey.

"Miss 'Vangeline, please yo' ax Marse Maudrey tuh quit puttin' dem chicken bones down muh collah, uh he nebbah will quit," said uncle Isom chuckling.

"You will not object if I put one with meat on it in your mouth, will you?" replied the offender.

"Not 'zactly."

'Twas the last night of the house party. Suitcases were packed for the morning train. Two weeks so delightfully spent gave to all a sad, sweet feeling at parting. The girls were dressed in their most becoming attire in honor of the occasion.

Evangeline wore her hair in a great coil, low on her neck, and a beautiful dress. They had been to the lake and serenaded the older folks, who sat in the library. Then each couple sought their favorite spot on the lawn. Like some Druid queen, Evangeline sat among the pines with Leon. In the honeysuckle arbor Nan and Tolar were talking of their coming wedding and entertaining as royally as they could in their little home in big New York City the members of this same house party. Katherine and Hill had their corner. Maudrey was making good use of his last few hours, for he was not yet engaged.

Mammy sat at the window of Mrs. Lee's room, while grandfather's clock measured time for all: when he announced ten, and the little figures on top came out and danced about, the guests began coming in for the night. She heard from the pines a gentleman's voice very soft and low,

“Goodnight, angels guard you.”

“Um-umph!” said Mammy. “De angels sho'ly mus' be nigh,” and she climbed the staircase to light up the rooms.



## CHAPTER XIII

“In Paradise an angel  
The gate throws wide,  
And speeds the glad evangel  
Of Christmas tide.”

'Twas the first night of the new year. Inside the great parlor was warmth and cheer. The firelight played over the floor, lighting up every corner and crevice, then flickered and flashed up the walls and shone on the rich old mahogany furniture and handsome oil paintings—handsomer with their bright colors in contrast to the Christmas evergreens that hung in festoons from one to the other, and from pillar to cornice. Garnet apples on a low stand near the fire vied with the holly-berries' ruddy red—“an apple, a book, and a good oak fire.”

Evangeline had been invited out most every day and evening of the past week, but tonight was the climax to the pleasant happenings. The snowflakes played games on the window-panes to remind her that there was something better still. Some one was coming that night—just one to entertain and not a crowd. Uncle Isom, in the sleigh, was already on the way to the station.

“I'll wear his roses tonight,” said she to herself as she pinned a dark red bud in her hair and a full-blown rose just over her heart, where its rich red petals shone in pretty contrast against her black satin dress—soft and beautiful. Her hair was done low with strappings of black velvet. The only ornament to her costume was a little gold cross that hung from a tiny black velvet ribbon around her neck—a present that Christmas

from Maudrey. She sat looking through her pretty book, a handsome volume of Longfellow's *Evangeline*, beautifully illustrated in full-page life studies. Neatly tied to it with tiny red ribbon was a spray of holly and a card which bore the inscription, "Leolaine Leigh, Wishing many happy returns of the day."

In the big cut-glass vase were hothouse roses so fresh and fragrant they appeared damp with the dews of summer—American Beauties, Marechal Neils, and White Brides. Their card said,

"The flowers bring their own message. L. L."

Now and then she glanced through the dancing snowflakes for the light of the sleigh. Meanwhile, nearly a mile away someone was saying,

"Uncle?"

"Yas, sah."

"How's everybody at Leeland?"

"Fine, sah, fine; hed uh big Chris'mus. Yas, *sah*, Miss 'Vangeline is uh bawn angel, dat she is! Nevvah fohgits ole uncle Isom nuthah. See dis new obahcoat? Dah been lots uh pahties an' dinin's in 'de neighbahhood all fru de week. Is dah any cotton on yo'? De reason I axes, becace huh hed me fo' Santa fo' de Sunday school chillen, an' dis sled wuz jes' covahed wid cotton. I hain't hed time tuh git hit off."

"Cotton is harmless, uncle."

A click of the big gate and a light from the window fell across the snow far down the drive. At the jingle of sleigh-bells Evangeline arose and saw a gentleman emerge from the furs and come briskly up the walk, smiling as the snow-flakes pelted him in the face. A knock. Then, as the door opened,

“How do you do! A glad New Year to you, Miss Lee!”

Ah, the grasp of that hand, bringing with it the consciousness that its owner had mastered self to all that's high and noble; therefore was unconsciously a master of men, even more of women, who admire strength in men. “Or should I have said Mrs. Santa?” and his eyes twinkled merrily.

“What has uncle Isom been telling?”

“Certainly very pleasant bits of news, I assure you,” and shaking the snow from his coat and hat he entered.

“Leeland is lovelier than ever in holiday attire,” said he, delighted with the warmth of the great fire and the pretty decorations; and he wanted to say the same of the little lady now sitting opposite him with one of his roses in her dark hair and another one rising and falling on her bosom with each breath; but was afraid it would sound like flattery, so refrained.

“There is a time with sweethearts when each knows the other loves, yet the old story all unconfessed seems sweeter and more sacred when no words have been spoken—only their hearts unto their souls have spoken. Lovers find no sweeter joy than this in all their love-life.” Thus it was with Leon and Evangeline. Need you be told 'twas the happiest evening of their lives? Ah! no. Those who have loved with a pure heart know 'tis true.

## CHAPTER XIV

“Take back the heart that thou gavest;  
What is thine anguish to me?  
Take back the freedom thou cravest,  
Leaving its fetters to me.”

Eight months and over have passed since that New Year's evening. Evangeline, dressed in a traveling-suit, sits at the window watching, not the snow-flakes, but the green fields and all that the month of September brings. How beautiful lay the future before her! Hope, Faith, and Love painted pictures lovelier than brush or pen could ever do.

Uncle Ed had been elected congressman that winter and had moved to Washington, much to the delight of his wife. Maudrey in every letter all summer had urged her to come spend the winter with them. “If you wish to attend school, there are a number of good ones from which to choose. If not, you will find it profitable anyway, to say nothing of the delightful time one has here,” he had said.

She had long wanted to take a course in kindergarten work. How nice it would be to help Leon: to teach the little children of the parish where he was pastor, when they should get married some day. Would he think her a blessing? Then she had written to Maudrey, asking about kindergarten schools, and he had answered,

“Come ahead, cousin, a fine one here on Q Street, near the street where are the pretty legations. I am delighted.”

So her trunk was packed for Washington, that love-



liest of all cities to Uncle Sam's children. In her lap was a letter from Leon that she had just read. It said:

"I'm glad you are going to stop over at Charlottesville for the convention on your way to Washington. May I have your company through the convention? For I will not see you again for a long time. I am to be State evangelist for Virginia. What think you of it? I trust to see you soon.

"Au revoir,  
"Leolaine Leigh."

She did not have time to answer by mail, but could in person. "What did I think of his being State evangelist? Quite an honor for so young a minister. I'm glad he does not leave Virginia for other fields. Ah! those happy days in Charlottesville. A winter in Washington and—" she was awakened from her reveries by a call from uncle Isom,

"All's ready, Miss 'Vangeline."

She arrived at Charlottesville one day before the convention and stopped with an old friend of her mother's. There were other delegates there also. She changed her dress and went down to the veranda, where it was cooler. She found there Mr. Moninger, an old Bethany schoolmate. His sweetheart, Grace, roomed with her while at Bethany.

"Well, Miss Lee! I'm so glad to see you."

"I certainly am surprised in seeing you, too."

"I was just starting to the University to hear a fine lecture. Would you like to go this morning? In other words, will you be my 'biz' as you sometimes were at Bethany?" said he laughing.

"Thank you, I would enjoy going very much," she replied, knowing Leigh would not arrive until next day, and it would pass the time pleasantly. They were soon

sitting in one of the deep windows, as it was early, in an interested conversation about this student and that, when Evangeline glanced around just in time to see a young man in the crowd below, who appeared to have been looking at them, turn quickly and walk away.

"What is it, Miss Lee?" asked Moninger.

"Oh! nothing," and she went on talking.

As they came back, Moninger said,

"I will have to go early in the morning, and will be out of town all this afternoon, but will be back for the evening lecture. May I not have your company again tonight?"

"Thank you, I will enjoy going."

In the latter part of the afternoon she went uptown to do some shopping, and to her great amazement met Leon on the street. His greeting was formal, which was unusual with him.

"You wrote that you would not be here until tomorrow," said she.

"I thought so then, but got away a day earlier than I expected. May I walk with you to the corner?"

"Certainly. Then you are going to the lecture tonight?" asked she anxiously.

"No, I did not know it in time and have promised a friend who lives in the country, to be with him tonight; but I will be in town for the convention."

"You would enjoy being at the University, I am sure. 'Twas fine this morning."

"Better than K. U.'s?" said he teasingly, looking down at her; and he was quite himself again. So they talked on until they reached the corner.

It would not be pleasant to him, perhaps, to tell him she had an engagement for the evening; therefore, she did not mention Herbert Moninger, but would tell him

tomorrow that a Bethany friend, passing through, took her to both lectures. Thinking of this she said,

“I am *very* sorry that I did not know you would be in Charlottesville today.”

Leon thought he had never heard her speak with sweeter expression. “I’m sorry, too, Miss Lee. How did you leave all at home?”

“Quite well. I had just received your letter and was reading it when uncle Isom came to take me to the station.”

“Of course you did not have time to answer it; therefore, I can not yet flatter myself that I may have your company during convention even.”

“I would have answered the letter in the affirmative, and I have not changed my mind.”

“Thank you. What is the number of the residence?”

“See the dark green house yonder with white trimmings?”

“Yes.”

“The number is two-twenty-eight.”

“Thank you. Then I’ll see you on the morrow. Good afternoon,” and lifting his hat he was gone. And going took the brightness from the place.

When she came downstairs that evening and she and Moninger started, they met a darkey boy at the gate.

“Is dis Miss Lee?” said he.

“Yes.”

“Hyah’s uh note fuh yo’.”

By the street lamp she read,

“I have decided to stay in town and attend the lecture. May I have your company?”

“Hastily,

“Leolaine Leigh.”

“Mr. Moninger, wait a few moments, please. I must answer this note,” and she ran to her room. Love tugged at her heart.

“What *must* I do? What *can* I do? If Leon wished to be my escort, why did he not ask me when we parted at the corner? Then I could have arranged it with Mr. Moninger without hurting his feelings.” These questions she asked herself in her hurry and confusion to know what to do. She had never been unladylike in breaking an engagement. Two or three notes she wrote, only to tear them up. “I must not keep the young man at the gate waiting any longer. ’Tis late now. I’ll see the owner of this note tomorrow and explain—tell him all about it.” How she hated to deny him; but hardly knowing what she wrote, she gave the darky this note:

“Dear Mr. Leigh:

“I am very, *very* sorry, but I have another engagement for tonight.

“In haste,

“Margaret E. Lee.”

When she and her escort entered the auditorium, all the seats were taken, so they quietly sought their window again. While the band played, he told her that he and Grace were to be married in the next month, and showed her the diamond wedding ring.

“Let me try it on your finger. May I?” said he, and he placed it on without touching her finger. She put up her hand into the light and watched it sparkle.

“’Tis a *very* pretty one. Grace will like it I am sure. My congratulations to you both.”

“Thank you. Ladies like rings. You may wear it until the lecture is over so I can see how pretty it is.”



“How nice!” The music ceased and the speaker arose. Yet she heard him not, for it was the first time she had had a minute to devote to her own thoughts since receiving Leon’s note, and she was lost in them.

“I wonder if ’twas he this morning in the crowd below, looking at me? Why did he walk away so quickly? Was *that* why he was so distant when we first met on the street? If he was standing outside tonight, he saw this ring put on my finger. What would he think? What did I say to him this afternoon? Yes, I said three times something about him enjoying tonight here. *Will* he, *did* he take that in the light that I nearly asked him three times to go and take me? And then refused when asked? Why are there different meanings to the very same words when looked at in another light? Oh! Leon, I did not intend to hurt you. I thought you would understand. Why do things happen this way? I’ll see him. I will tell him all.” Thus her thoughts ran.

Next morning she went with some ladies to the convention. She saw him some distance from her, but he did not come where she was. When the afternoon service was over, he asked to walk home with her, but was reserved, changed, and hurt, yet tried not to show it. They were in a crowd all the way home; therefore, she did not attempt to explain, for she wanted them to be alone.

When they reached the house, they were at once ushered into the dining hall, where refreshments were served. Afterward the hostess had an entertainment in the parlor for all her guests and their visitors; and it would have been impolite to have left the room. Their conversation had to be general. So the hours went by and the time for departure arrived.

“Goodnight, Miss Lee, I have had a pleasant evening,” said Leigh coldly and formally and was gone. Others were talking in the doorway leading to the veranda and Evangeline was left alone in the parlor.

“He *must* not leave thus,” thought she.

One of the ministers stopped Leigh at the gate for a few words. She sent one of the little girls of the house to say to Leon that she wished to speak to him in the parlor a few moments. She was sitting at the piano playing when he came in. He went to the piano and leaning one arm on it waited for her to speak. As she spoke to him, she still played to keep others in the hallway from hearing what they would say.

“Mr. Leigh, I feel that I owe you more of an apology than that note I wrote. I—”

“Miss Lee, I do not want to falsely impress you. I can never be more than a friend.” His voice was husky, and he spoke slowly.

Dumb with amazement, she looked at him in consternation. She tried to form words to speak, to explain herself, but utterly failed. She longed to fly away. She arose and said with difficulty,

“I bid you goodnight.” But try as she would, her voice trembled. Stepping quickly to her side he held out his hand.

“But we will always be friends, and you will still write to me, *won't* you?” said he pleadingly.

“Perhaps—I—I—” and she was gone to her room, leaving him alone in the parlor.

Locking her door she asked herself many questions. “Why did he not let me finish before he spoke those words? Impolite to say the very least. Why did he speak them at all? I had not proposed to him that he

should speak thus, neither did I intend to refer to anything of that kind. He had seemed hurt and I wished for him to understand that the many little things that had happened to provoke had not been done intentionally at all. That was all. That was due *any* friend. Perhaps he had some good reason for saying what he did, and was going to explain when I left him so suddenly. I could not stay there. Perhaps it was he loves another girl. If so, he has a perfect right to love her; and if he is the man I think him to be, he will be true to his own heart. I will admire him for it, even if it is another girl. What a mystery it all is!"

Thus she wondered to herself in her snow-white bed near the window, with her head pillowed upon her arm, looking off into the moonlight. The faraway sweetness of the students' guitars on the campus did not have the power to lull her to slumberland as it had done the night before. With the dawning of the morning she telegraphed Maudrey to meet her and was on her way to Washington.

## CHAPTER XV

“O the wasted hours of life  
That have drifted by!  
O the good that might have been,  
Lost, without a sigh.”

Mrs. Legend, Evangeline's aunt Celeste, was a born society woman and worshiped everything connected with the fashionable clique. She had insisted on Evangeline's coming, because the society world would be drawn to her home more than ever to see her modest Southern niece. What handsome, full-dress evening gowns she would see that she had made. What a stir she would create! She had already planned a grand reception for the purpose of introducing her into society. Evangeline's unaffected, sister-like devotion to Maudrey would make him so popular among the girls, too, she thought, for genuine affection is always attractive, but not much found in the world in which she moved.

Evangeline was delighted to go to the city that she loved even before she had seen it. She was anxious to come in contact with the fashionable life of the city, too, something entirely new to her; but she had a different motive from that of her aunt. She wanted to study the lives of those people; to know their cultured homes, their usefulness to humanity, their interesting accounts of trips abroad, and to know if they were happier than any other. She had always thought so. They had every advantage to be anything they wished to be.

She was simply captivated at first. Maudrey went with her to the Smithsonian, the Corcoran Art Gallery,



the War Department, the Capitol, the White House, the monument, the Congressional Library—everything of interest. And she was happy in her school work. There were receptions at the White House, the cabinet members' homes, and at the legations, and afternoon teas, dinners, luncheons, and evenings at concerts.

The glory, pomp, and grandeur intoxicated her. There can scarcely ever be, in the experience of a human being, a time of such carefree enjoyment as comes to a young girl when, after a life of seclusion, she spends such a winter in Washington. Maudrey coaxed her to dance, but she would not.

“Why, Evangeline, half the gallants, old and young, are crazy to dance with you.”

“Maudrey, I could dance and it never hurt me.”

“Well, come on then and let me teach you.”

“What would my Sunday school think of me, whom they follow as an example?”

“Bother the Sunday school. They will never know anyway.”

“I will not deceive them. They may not be as strong to resist temptation as I am in that line, and you know we are our brothers' keepers. I heard one girl make all kinds of fun of being immersed. She said it was immodest. That night at the ball her dress came very near having no bodice at all, as well as no sleeves, and the way she rested her head and arms on the gentlemen's shoulders, I thought if I *must* be immodest, let me bear it for the Christ.”

“I do not have much respect for those girls, myself. Your dresses are modesty and sweetness personified, and then, if you wish, you need not dance with any except me, your cousin, and that would nearly kill the boys.”

This was the real secret. Maudrey knew that Evangeline's naturally graceful air would make her a fine dancer. He knew, too, her sincere, pure life attracted men, and he would be the lucky, envied man, because her cousin. He was proud of her and wanted her to become a star in society, but she remained firm. Four things she would not do—dance, play cards, drink wines, or wear low-necked dresses; yet hers were of elegant material, well made, and worn by such a lady-like being that it was all the adornment needed, and even society pronounced her “perfectly well-bred.”

He got her to the theatre to see the “Old Homestead,” “The Christian,” “The Sign of the Cross,” and a few others as good, but aside from these she would not go. When first she went to church at St. ———, the minister greatly interested her. A night or two afterward Maudrey took her to a fair held for this church. There was an hour of cards, in which they played for money, and the rest of the evening was devoted to dancing. Each gentleman paid so much for the privilege of dancing all evening and everything made went to keep up St. ———.

“They do so much for the poor, too,” said one elegantly dressed lady to another. “There are two charity whist clubs, besides cribbage, in which they play for prizes in money and every *bit* goes to the poor, except what is spent for refreshments.”

(The refreshments were spiked, too.)

Evangeline was just pondering which got the best bargain—the poor, the wealthy, or Satan—when she saw the minister himself begin to play for them to dance. The next Sunday as she sat in the gallery of the church, she watched the pews below fill with extravagantly

dressed men and women whose silks rustled as they knelt—the picture of worship and devotion—with bowed heads on white-gloved hands warm from shuffling whist cards late the night before; and their lips repeated prayers—strong they must have been as they wafted upward with the breath of “spiking” so lately sipped. But then she remembered ’twas a sacrifice for the poor and looked around to see the sad faces of some of the needy ones when, behold! there were none there, not even a gallery for them: the pews were all rented. Evangeline decided that *that* church believed in the aesthetic and form more than worship. Her church with its free pews and statesmanlike pastor—Brother Power, an old Bethany student—was more like home, though she found many good ones in her visits to the churches throughout the city.

At the White House public receptions Evangeline loved most to watch the different nationalities. Looking from the window of the East Room she could see them lined up as far as the eye could reach in the order of their social rank. There were more to be received on New Year’s day than any other. When little Marie Peary saw Evangeline in the Blue Room, she threw both arms around her, saying,

“I wish you all the Happy New Years that is because I love you so at my kindergarten.”

As the child released her, she saw the keen eyes of a most handsome officer soften as he took in the scene with admiration. She took refuge behind the palms again and he passed on. She could not hear the name as Lieutenant Latimer presented him to the ladies in the receiving line. As Maudrey passed with some college boys, he hurriedly placed a note in her hand.



“Get off as soon as you can. I’ll wait for you in the East Room. Some nice fellows want to meet you, and a party of them and some young ladies are going with us to the top of the monument to see the city white with snow; also for a spin in an auto.

“Maudrey.”

When she entered the East Room, foreigners, senators, and soldiers were not in line, but roaming everywhere. Near one window she found Maudrey and his party. Just as she was meeting them, she caught a glimpse of the handsome officer standing at an opposite window with folded arms, eyeing them, nor did he change his position until after they had departed, a happy crowd of young folks.

“Has the postman been here, uncle Ed?” asked Evangeline as she rushed in from her ride that afternoon and placed her cold fingers on his cheeks from the back of his chair.

“Yes, *sir*, and brought my girl three fat letters and a nice package,” and he handed them to her.

“Oh! how good! One from home, one from Muriel, and—”

“One from the Parson,” finished Maudrey as he joined her in the big window-seat. “Let me untie the package while you read your letters?” and he proceeded to do so.

“Oh, you bad boy, what have you there?” suddenly coming to her right mind from the depths of the many sheets of paper she held in her fingers.

“A lovely volume of *‘Paradise Lost’* and the Parson’s card. Say, cousin, I did not know he ever lost you.”

“Never mind, we will read his letters from his girls to pay back,” said her uncle as she gathered book and



all and went upstairs. When she had first reached Washington, she had a long letter from Leigh, which read in part,

“Dear Miss Lee:

“‘To err is human, to forgive divine;’ therefore, while I can never be more than a friend, please forgive me if I have in any way been at fault; and let us be the good friends we used to be and write to each other in the same old way.

“L. Leigh.”

Again that haunting clause, “I can never be more than a friend.” She wished he had not asked her to write, for she liked him and would have to guard herself to keep from showing it, but was afraid, too, if she refused to write, he would think she did love him and would consider it a lover’s quarrel. She made her letters exceedingly formal to hide her heart, and told a great deal about Washington and the many interesting things there. She had promised to write only occasionally. He praised her letters, especially one which he said he was going to keep always, so that when he visited Washington he would have it for reference. He wrote promptly and most interesting letters. She enjoyed the last one very much and also the pretty book. “Did that title, ‘Paradise Lost,’ bring a message as did the flowers at Christmas, which Maudrey had suggested?”

At the butler’s summons she went down to six o’clock dinner.

“My! you look like an angel that had never been lost,” whispered Maudrey as he escorted her to the table.

The catch of the season was a certain Captain Gill, who was also a surgeon. He had won distinction in the

Spanish-American war and was home on a furlough, being wounded in the side. He was tall and handsome and his uniform fit him perfectly. A soldier has the appearance of all things manly and noble. He was flattered, complimented, and toasted by society's mamas and papas. Each belle was delighted when he offered his arm for a waltz or two-step. 'Twas amusing to watch them claim his attention.

There was an alcove partly curtained from the rest of the ballroom, where Evangeline found refuge with some older ladies when Maudrey would have her go to look on. New Year's evening as she sat there, she heard one belle say to another,

"My first waltz is with Captain Gill tonight," and following her eyes Evangeline recognized in him the officer that she had seen at the White House reception. The girl continued, "I must learn to look into his eyes as if I adored him, whereas I only calculate to what extent I can count on him for flowers and candy."

The other one said, "You are a perfect coquette. Did you ever have a man propose to you?"

"Yes, lots of them, but not a rich enough one as yet. The first was a clergyman. He thought I was so lovely that I must be more than willing to give my life to the poor and my love to him. He gave me the most exquisite prayerbook in ivory and gold with my monogram in pearls upon the back. It was very convenient for Lent, because I made a wonderful picture by kneeling in the church holding that beautiful book near my lips so that the gold in my hair and the jewels flashing from it seemed the only things human about me."

As the two debutantes whirled away in the dance, Evangeline thought, "How cheap, so cheap do they

count the love of one's soul." The next she saw of the two they had cornered the Captain, and each claimed him for a dance. She turned her face from the ball-room and was in an interesting conversation with one of the ladies, when someone touched her on the shoulder. 'Twas Maudrey by her side and he was saying,

"Captain Gill, my cousin, Miss Lee."

"I am pleased to meet you, Miss Lee. I believe you were at the White House reception this morning. I never forget a face."

A few moments of pleasant words and some one claimed him for a waltz. As they went home that night, Maudrey said,

"That Captain would not rest until he had met you."

One evening not long after she sat in the same alcove and when the dance was well under way, she heard many say,

"I wonder where is Captain Gill?"

Very soon he entered, and as looking over a field for battle, one glance of his eye took in the entire room. After a dance or two he drew the curtain of the alcove aside and said with a profound bow,

"Ladies, pardon the intrusion, but I would like to rest."

"Certainly," and there was a general stir to make him comfortable. Evangeline alone sat still.

"Thank you, but I will sit here where I can watch the dance," and he placed a chair by her. Soon he began a most interesting account of his stay in the Philippines and Cuba. Many came to indirectly ask him to dance, but he did not care to dance that evening—his side was hurting; putting his hand to it, she noticed, only until they were gone. This he did every time she



came to the dances, until she would not go any more. She found from Maudrey that he did not frequent the alcove when she was not there.

“Say, cousin, that soldier’s side is hurting sure enough, not from a wound gotten at Santiago, but from Cupid’s darts about the heart. What did you do to make him so in love? The girls are morbidly jealous.”

“I did nothing, Maudrey. He is rather handsome, interesting to talk to, and always a perfect gentleman; but there is something that I do not like about him, and I hardly know what it is.”

“Well, you won’t get rid of him by staying away from dances. See here!” and he placed in her hands a box of sweet violets with a card, “Compliments of Capt. Gill.” Then there came elegant boxes of candy, notes to take her to concerts, balls, and theatres, but she did not accept. Wherever she went and he was there, he was with her before she knew it. She was very formal to him always, but he was the more attentive.

“’Tis the problem of the mamas, cousin, how the catch of the season slipped through their society girls’ fingers, and was caught by you hidden away in that corner. He is visiting one of the most wealthy homes in this city and must be very wealthy himself, because he showed me some beautiful views of his historic home on the Hudson.”

“Perhaps, Maudrey, ’tis because I do not want him,” she answered quietly.

“That’s just it. He knows you have a heart, which they have not, and you do not try to win him at all,” proudly suggested Maudrey.



## CHAPTER XVI

"All sins have blue eyes and dimples when they are young."

Softly fell the snow on the pavement already white. In the muffled hush that it brings sounded the merry whistle of the postman as he went back and forth across the street from house to house carrying joy for some and sadness for others. At a window of one of the most beautiful homes on that street sat Evangeline, awaiting his coming too.

What nice letters she always received on that day. She had thought a great deal over "Paradise Lost" and the letter that came with it, but her answer to it had been only pleasant bits of news and thanks for the book. A dozen nice letters had she received and answered since then. At the sound of the postman's ring down she went. He was holding up a delicately tinted envelope. In her room she sat looking at the pretty address, and wondering what this bit of sealed paper held for her. But after severing the seal she was surprised to read,

"Dear Miss Lee :

"I will have to ask that we stop writing for a week or two. Excuse haste."

"L. Leigh."

Quick as a flash came the old haunting scene before her of him leaning on the piano saying, "I do not want to falsely impress you. I can never be more than a friend." Why had he asked her to write and then to stop? If he was sick and could not write, why did he

not say so. "Was there anything in my letters to offend?" she mused. "No, not anything. Strange, strange indeed he is," she said with a sigh.

Six weeks later she and Maudrey were reading in the library. He noticed she kept her book in her lap and gazed dreamily out of the window most of the time. Presently she said,

"Maudrey?"

"Yes, cousin."

"Let's go over in Virginia this afternoon, to Arlington. It looks so much like home."

"Are you homesick, cousin?" asked he, laying down his book. He wanted to ask another question, for she had not seemed happy for two or three weeks, but he thought if she wanted to tell him she would.

"Well, not homesick exactly, but I would love to go."

"I'm at your service. Where shall I find you this afternoon?"

"At the charity kindergarten. Miss Uila Pollock is going to take four of us there for an hour, but I will be ready at two o'clock."

Promptly at that hour he arrived. She had become interested in telling the children a story while she cut out paper dolls for them, when the matron opened the door and ushered him in, dressed as if he had stepped from a bandbox, holding his gloves in his hand, amused at the scene before him—little cross-eyed Jews, bow-legged Dutchmen, ugly young Irishmen, and one-sided deformed ones with poverty-pinched faces completely surrounded her.

"Come, cousin, we will miss our car," coughing to conquer a laugh. As soon as they were on the street, she said,

“Why, Maudrey, our car does not leave for ten minutes.”

“I know, but it would take that or a fire in the city to move you from those precious scraps of humanity. How many more homes for the decrepit and infirm do you have to visit before we can be off?”

“No more, sir.”

“I was afraid you wanted me to chaperon that ‘mixture’ over to Arlington and I got amused at the picture we would make with them at our heels.”

As they drew near the mansion, she said, “The last time we were here was the day three hundred and thirty-six soldiers from Cuba were buried. Do you remember?”

“Yes, cousin, but Captain Gill was not buried that day,” replied he mischievously, watching her closely and seeing ’twas not the Captain that worried her, for she only remarked,

“Which of the old Virginia homes of history is the prettiest, Arlington, Mt. Vernon, or Monticello?”

“Monticello is the prettiest, but I like Arlington best because of the relationship.”

“But Leeland is loveliest and best.”

“To be sure it is dearer, because of the associations, and in many ways handsomer than the three mentioned.”

Through the mansion, out among the soldiers, and over to see the cavalry drill they went and home again. When he had helped her off, he took the next car for downtown, and she went into the library to her dreaming again. When night was beginning to draw its curtains about her, she heard him in the hall say to the butler,

“Where is Miss Evangeline?”

“Here, Maudrey.”

After drawing a chair by hers he said, “What’s the matter, cousin?”

“Like a little girl at home once said, I have the ‘blue ones,’ I suppose, Maudrey. She meant ‘the blues.’”

“No wonder. After that inspiring scene at the charity kindergarten. I should think you *would*. I have something for you to take away the memory of those faces,” and he stepped into the hallway to bring and place in her lap a half dozen American Beauties.

“Oh! thank you. Did you go back downtown for these? How good of you,” burying her face in their sweet, fresh depths. “There is nothing I had rather have had than these. Dear, fragrant beauties.”

“Then I’m glad I’ve hit it, cousin. By the way, this is the night of the biggest dinner and dance of the winter and about the last. You will go with me, won’t you? You have not gone for a long time, and you will not be here much longer to go with me. Run upstairs and dress and go to please me. Do, that’s a good girl.”

She hesitated, then said,

“I owe it to you for these flowers, and for going with me this afternoon. I will go.”

Thirty minutes later she came down ready.

“*Gee whiz*, cousin, but you are beautiful tonight! That’s a brand new gown, hain’t it?” and his eyes beamed with admiration.

“Yes, ’tis new. I christen it tonight.”

“You know how to dress, cousin, ’tis so aristocratic. I do like it.”

She *was* beautiful. The gown was of blue-black velvet, elegant and rich, made a plain princess with a long train, just low enough in the neck to reveal the depression in her throat. There was a collar of cream point-lace. Her hair was done low with a black velvet butterfly bow pinned in place with a star and crescent.



She wore a necklace around her throat and no other ornaments except the dark red roses in her hand. There was a sweet maidenliness about her, and an innocence of nature that no one could describe, yet was an uplifting, ennobling influence wherever she went.

The black dress and the roses reminded her of a Christmas a little over a year ago and made her happy.

The dinner was at one of the most fashionable homes in the city, and the dance at one of the great halls downtown.

“Stay with me, or near me tonight, won’t you, especially at leaving?” she said as they went in.

“That I *will*. Captain Gill shan’t propose tonight,” he answered, guessing her meaning.

At the dinner she was surprised to see how much champagne the ladies drank and thought it no wonder they had sick-headache the next day. She would not touch hers, though she never drew attention to it. Her aunt chided her severely for thus insulting her hostess in not partaking of everything set before her.

“Champagne has the same effect when taken in a handsome home as in a bar-room, and the hostess first insults true ladies in setting it before them; and encourages young men to drunkenness,” was her quiet answer.

When they were first seated at the table, bottles of wine sat by the host who, it was known, drank more than even society overlooked. There was a cry of delight from a beautiful tiny boy with long golden curls blowing back as he ran from his nurse into the dining hall. He ran to Evangeline who was at the corner. She put her arm around him and a look of admiration at the picture came from all the guests.

“Pity ’oman, pity ’oses, pity ’oman, baby ubbs oo *muchy*,” and he looked up at her with his big blue eyes.

“How we wish we had the freedom of speech and rights you possess, young man,” said Captain Gill, who sat by Evangeline’s side, caring no more for the laughter that followed than he did for the bullets flying about him when in Cuba.

To hide the roses blooming in her cheeks she leaned over and pinned a rose among the billowy laces of the little fellow’s snow-white slumber-robe. Just then he reached up his baby hands to the bottles, saying,

“Baby wants. Me ubbs vine.”

“No, no, son. You are too young,” said the father, but the mother said,

“You *shall* have some,” and turned a tiny glass to his lips as the nurse came for him.

When it came time for the toasts, Captain Gill’s was, “To the pretty roses,” comparing them to maidenhood and womanhood. Then followed the ball. Evangeline endured it in silence. She was tired of the hollow emptiness of it all—the silly, nonsensical talk; the whirl, whirl, whirl of the dance; the evening-suits of the men all alike, until a workman in overalls would have given some variety.

Maudrey, true to his promise, stayed near her; though the Captain stayed near, too, and showed plainly that he did not want a third person.

“May I see you to the car, Miss Lee?” he said when ’twas over. She could not very well refuse. ’Twas rather a warm night and taking her long evening coat on his arm they started down the long flight of steps that led to the cars lined up along the street. The ball room front blazed with light as the men in evening dress, women in full ball toilette, and leaders of the German poured out laughing and chattering. A young man

coming up the street just then drew aside to let them pass, each gay couple in turn giving him a rapid and indifferent glance; until a soldier in full uniform and a beautiful figure in black came to an abrupt stop, the lady exclaiming,

“Oh! Mr.—” and then seemed bewildered as the young man on the street drew apart into the darkness.

“Pray, what frightened you, Miss Lee? Do you not know that I would protect you, should it take my whole regiment?” said her escort, placing one hand on his sword that glistened in the light, and with the other drawing her arm closer to him. The man who stood aside saw him give a defiant look that way. Captain Gill helped her into the car and lingered long in saying goodbye.

When they reached home, Mrs. Legend went on upstairs, but Evangeline paused at the foot of the staircase, saying,

“Maudrey, please get me a glass of water.” When he handed her the glass, he exclaimed,

“Why, cousin, what’s the matter? You look so pale. Are you ill?”

“No, I’m not ill.”

“Has that confounded soldier been proposing?”

“No, I thought—I—thought I—saw—Mr. Leigh.”

“Where?”

“On the street by the ball room.”

“Well, well, a parson at a ball! A soldier is enough. Mother and I were just behind you and I never saw any one. Is it so bad as all that, little cousin, that you imagine you see him even at a ball?” and he took her arm to ascend. When he said goodnight at the head of the stairs, he added,



“Thank you for going tonight. I thought it would cheer up up, but I believe it has given you an extra amount of the ‘blue ones.’ Sleep and rest and I will go anywhere you want me to go tomorrow—even back to the charity kindergarten to cut out paper-dolls.” When he had retired, he thought to himself,

“So it’s Leigh that’s leaning heavy on her heart. I can see no reason he should think he had lost ‘Paradise.’ If she needs me to shake him right well, I’m her man. I’ll just keep my eyes open and my thinking-cap on unless she ventures to tell me of her own accord,” and he was off to slumberland.

But before she closed her eyes in sleep that night, she promised herself that that was her last ball. First, she was disgusted with it all, second, she felt it was as bad to attend as to dance. “Was it Leon? Why was he in Washington? What would he think of me? I had not been dancing, neither did I enjoy being there; but he will not understand all this.” With a heavy heart she fell asleep.



## CHAPTER XVII

“In a little rosewood casket  
That is resting on the stand  
Is a package of old letters  
Written by a lover’s hand.”

’Twas ten o’clock. All were in dreamland at Leeland save in Evangeline’s room. There in a low rocker sat Mammy, and at her feet Evangeline on a footstool. Near her on the floor was a package of old letters, unassuming sheets of tinted paper, yet how they had gladdened her heart in days of yore even as they saddened it now.

“Undo my hair, Mammy, and brush it softly, as only you know how. My head is so tired inside.”

“Yas, honey, dat I will. Humph! how beau’ful hit is,” and she brushed out the long, long strands. Evangeline with her hands clasped about one knee sat looking into the fire Mammy had kindled to take away the dampness.

“Oh! Mammy, Mammy, if you only knew how my poor heart aches!”

“Honey, I wouldn’t worry muh sweet haid obah dat Yankee sol’ier. Dem Yankees ain’ nuffin nohow, dey ain’.”

“Mammy, I love but one. I have never told any one, but I’m going to tell you, if you will cross your heart you will never tell.”

“Nevvah while de uth stan’s, honey chile.”

“Leolaine Leigh.”

“Bless de Lo’d! hit ain’ dat Yankee,” said Mammy in an amen tone.

“I never knew that I loved him until the last month or two. I had always admired his noble character, but now I know that I love him.”

The ideal which all women look for, cherish, and too often think they have found when love glorifies a mortal man is hard to give up; especially when it comes in the likeness of the first lover who touches a young girl's heart.

“De lub's in hes purty eyes fo' yo', honey chile.”

“No, Mammy.”

“Yo' dis blin', honey.”

“So I *have* been, thinking he loved me, when now at last I see he does not. If I could only make my own foolish heart forget. In his last letter he wrote that he would have to ask that we stop writing for a week or two. I did not mind, for I thought he was sick. But I have learned from a friend of mine, indirectly, that he was sick only a few days. It has been sixteen weeks since then, and he has never written. A few weeks after his last letter I am nearly sure that I saw him by a ballroom before I left Washington, and he saw me and he never spoke, nor did he come around to see me.

“How should I interpret this, except in one way? That he does not love me, and sought in that way to break up our friendship. It would have been more gentlemanly in him to have written, ‘Let us not write any more,’ than to leave the impression that he would write soon, a week or so, and never intend to do it. Yet, Mammy, stranger than all else, this experience has revealed to me the secret that I love *him*, yes, better than all else in the world, but I'll give my life's blood before he shall ever know. A man must love me with his own free will, as he loves no other mortal on earth. His

letters I'll send back, but I'll keep the books in memory of the old days. Here they all are, even to the little notes—faded violets in one, forget-me-nots in another."

"'Pears lak I ken see hes beau'ful eyes lookin' fo'm ebah lettah on de flo."

"Oh! Mammy, don't," said she, resting her head on the lap that had been her refuge since a child, when Mammy used to mend "Cock Robin" and other stories. Now she knew how it hurt when an arrow pierced her heart and longed for it to be mended as of yore.

"Dah, lil chile, lil lam'. He'll come sum day, dat he will, an' not jes' hes eyes, but hes mouf will tell yo' hes lub. Mammy knows."

"But a lady with any honor can't keep the letters." Into a violet-scented box she placed them one by one, the last one on top and tied them with ribbon. Going to her desk she wrote note after note, only to tear them up. One seemed to satisfy her, but it was full of tear-stains. At last it was only this, "If you have any of mine, please send them to me."

No beginning or address and no name was signed. She could not trust herself to write more. Putting it on top she slowly placed on the lid and resting her arms on the box and her hot head on her arms she seemed to be asleep.

In her dreams that night she was gathering cherries when a knight rode up with his face toward the stars. Then she was tying brideroses with black ribbon. A cardinal flitted about with bits of a torn letter for its nest.

## CHAPTER XVIII

“Wait not till tomorrow’s sun  
Beams upon thy way.  
All that thou canst call thine own  
Lies in thy ‘today’.”

Evangeline came out and sat upon the great stone steps of the veranda to watch Mammy trimming up the honeysuckles growing around the columns, and to drink in the morning freshness.

“‘Honey, yo’ sho is gwina git uh lettah befo’ bury long. Jist yo’ watch whut I tells yo’, fuh me nose’s been uh-eechin’ all dis blessed mawnin’.”

“‘I fohgot I brings de mail,” said uncle Isom, “‘An’ here’s uh lettah fo’ yo’.”

“‘Now maybe muh nose will let me ’lone fuh uh while,” and Mammy looked relieved.

Evangeline noticed the Kentucky postmark. She had been expecting an express package of old letters with, perhaps, a few last words from Mr. Leigh and longed to have it over, but this was a surprise—the same delicately-tinted, sweet-scented envelope and the same pretty address. “‘Like the swell of some sweet tune” hope illuminated her soul. She sat looking at it, hating to break the seal. “‘Then he loves me and is not going to send *my* letters back. He writes to explain at last. Wonder where he has been all this while?”

Slowly she opened it and read,

“Dear Miss Lee :

“‘The letters you returned to me received. I destroyed yours, if I remember correctly, just before I left school at Lexington. I supposed you had no desire



for them. I beg pardon for not returning them to you.

“I am in evangelistic work and have with me a Japanese lecturer, educated at Lexington, who is very fine and interesting. He will lecture in C——, October the first. If you so desire, he will lecture at Bethany, your church, also. Would you care to hear him? If so, let us know in a few days. If we find that we can not stop at Bethany, I hope you will come to C—— and hear him there.

“Very truly your friend,

“Leolaine Leigh.”

She sat wondering at what he had written. “He never even *mentioned* why he quit writing to me, or the time that had intervened. Our friendship was of so little importance he had even forgotten, exactly, when he burned my letters.

“Why does he want me to hear that Japanese? *He* is nothing to me. One thing is evident, Leon Leigh cares nothing whatever for me, and wants to show me by his indifference, as well as his words, that he does not. Would I could throw away as easily my love for him. Leon, you *shall never* have another chance to explain. First, because I gave you opportunity and you took no advantage of it; second, if you want to see me at all, you have not gentlemanly courage enough to say, ‘Miss Lee, I want to stop with the lecturer and talk with you a little’; instead, if I see correctly, he wants to see me with the excuse of the lecturer; third, because I love him and I can not help but show that I do, if he gets to talking about it, and now that I know from his letter he loves me not, he shall not mention it in my presence. If I suffer, *he* shall never know.”

Going to her desk upstairs she wrote to the pastor at C——, who was also her pastor at Bethany, to say to the lecturer and Mr. Leigh, when he wrote, that he need not stop at Bethany, as most of the members would come to C—— to hear him there. In this way she would not have to answer Leon's letter.

He hoped she would attend at C—, and she *would*, but she would have another escort on that night.

'Twas a moonlight night the first of October and quite a lot of young people from Bethany church were going in a horseback party to C——. The day before Mr. Rector, a young man in Sunday school and church there, asked for her company on that night: and she gladly accepted.

The pastor was to entertain Mr. Leigh and the speaker, and had invited her there for supper, but she saw that all her party had their supper before they started, herself included. Neither did they go to the home of the pastor at all, but to another friend's home to dress for church. She wore a plain black satin dress, big black picture hat, black kid gloves, and no ornament, but the excitement made her cheeks red and gave animation to her face.

They were singing and the church full when the horseback party entered in couples, Evangeline and her escort last. The latter knew nothing of Leigh, who was standing a little to one side talking to the pastor. Evangeline made it convenient to be talking to her company as they passed, so that her face would be turned from Leon. The only seat that they could find was the second row from the front. Leon soon introduced the speaker and took his place on the platform opposite her. She tried to hide behind a lady in front, but had the

conscious feeling that he was studying her face. Once he seemed to be reading her inmost soul.

When it was over, she tried to get out at once and was doing very well when near the door, someone touched her arm slightly and on looking around she saw Leon's hand extended to her as he smilingly said,

"How do you do, Miss Lee? May I have the pleasure of meeting your friend? I also want you to meet the speaker." This over he said, "Brother B—— says you are to spend the night at his home. His wife also expected you for supper and we waited for you. We find it very pleasant there."

"Thank my pastor very much, but we came in a party and I would miss the best of the trip should I miss the home ride."

In a few moments he said, "Miss Lee, I think your church will enjoy hearing my friend, and as it is on our way back, he will lecture there on the night of the twelfth. Please have the appointment given out."

"The *church* will, no doubt, be glad to hear your friend, Mr. Leigh," answered she coldly.

By that time they had reached the doorway where there was the "prancing and pawing of many a hoof." Gracefully mounting and saying goodbye they cantered off into the moonlight, leaving him to wonder who the young man was.

## CHAPTER XIX

“Break, break, break,  
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.”

“Honey, does yo’ wan’ some cut flowahs in de gem’n’s room?”

“I do not care, Mammy, just as you arrange it.”

“De table’s plum purty. Jes’ go take uh peep,” and Mammy with a basket of roses on her arm led the way. “Dey be hyah et fo’ ’clock, I reckon. Dat’s w’en de train gits in. Whut’s yo’ gwina wah? Uh white dress lak yo’ al’us wahs evvah day, uh yo’ Sunday black satin?”

“You may lay the white mull on my bed, please, to put on when I come back.”

“Whah yo’ gwine, honey?”

“I’m going down to the church to teach my embroidery class. You ring the bell a little before six, ’tis nearly four now, just in time for me to come and dress for supper. I had this extra class on purpose, Mammy. I do not want to see him any more than necessary.”

A little later she glanced from the church window to see two gentlemen and a lady enter the door of Leeland. When next she looked, only one was visible. He sat on the steps of the veranda playing with Snowbound. Yes, ’twas Leon. “Oh! I hope he will not come down here.” But he soon went into the house. The church door opened suddenly, and she jumped as if shot.

“Dah be uh lady, ole-lak lady, wid dem dat be uh gebologister, honey,—dem peoples dat laks rocks,—an’



dey all wan' yo' to come tek dem tuh de big red hill in de woodlan' tuh see dem quah rocks. Yo' ma said tuh ax yo' could yo' tuhn out yo' class an' come."

"Tell Mother I'll be there in twenty minutes, unless you can show them how to go by themselves, Mammy. Do what you can and if I *have* to come, wave a handkerchief from my window. I'll watch."

"All right, honey, I'll sen' Isom tuh show dem ef I can." No handkerchief waved, and in a little while she saw the three start off with uncle Isom bobbing about, and she knew Mammy had arranged it.

Twenty minutes later she dismissed her class an hour before the bell was to ring, as she knew they were gone, and started for home. She came through the orchard with her white sunbonnet hanging down her back, wore a simple white dress, and carried a book, "Idyls of the King," under her arm; her long hair was in braids down to her knees. Autumn leaves showered softly down upon her like snowflakes. She gathered some.

"He wanted that walk to get a chance to explain to me," she mused. "He would have had a hard time of it. Had he have said to me, 'Miss Lee, I will be glad to stop the twelfth, if you will allow me,' I would have been more lenient, but he wants to hide the real motive behind the *church*. I thought him more of a man. If he does not like me, I do not want my heart fooled with," and she walked slowly along deep in thought. When suddenly she was aware that he was at that moment walking toward her, her eyes were like those of a startled deer.

"How do you do?" said he, lifting his hat. "We had started and met the school children, so I turned back for you. May I carry those packages for you?"

"No, thank you," said she coldly.

But he gently took the book and put it under his arm. Soon they reached the porch, where the other two were waiting. She could not refuse to go without being rude, so, after going to her room to arrange her hair and change her dress, they started. She prayed that they could stay in one party, but soon found that the lady and gentleman wished to walk behind some little distance, and had to let them go. Leon helped her over every little ravine with a gentleness that hurt her, knowing she must be firm. Presently after a long silence he said,

“I was so very busy the last months of the spring term at school—”

“It was beautiful in Washington,” broke in Evangeline, and she talked of the lovely walks there and the trolley parties. Then he said,

“I was ill awhile, and had to double work all spring and preach besides—” Again she changed the subject. When she paused for something more to say, he continued,

“The worst of it all, I had to neglect my friends, something I hate to do—”

“Oh! Mr. Leigh, see the pretty red-bird! I’m a great lover of the cardinal. So many have been in the pines this year. Some I feed.” They were passing through a briery pathway just then and Leon was trying to hold them away for her to pass through. The other two came up and the lady said significantly,

“I hope your pathway in life will be less hedged about with thorns.”

Evangeline’s faced flushed. ’Twas not long until they reached the hill where there were fossils in abundance. Leon sat down on the hillside to gather some and

Evangeline went farther around with the lady. She got where she could see him, but he could not see her. He soon stopped gathering fossils and sat in a deep study.

“Oh! Leon,” thought she, “I would let you tell me, but I’m afraid you just want to ask pardon for being rude in not writing to me, and you do not love me. I can not *bear* to have you tell me again that you can never be more than a friend. I *must* be thus when my heart is breaking.”

All started back together. Down the way golden-rod, majestic and tall, grew plentifully by the wayside. He stopped to gather some for her, so that the others might walk on. She had an intuitive feeling that here among the flowers she must listen to his story, favorable or unfavorable. So she talked incessantly and finally laughingly said that she believed he was going to gather all the flowers in the forest. He blushed and started homeward with his arms full and she walked fast until they caught up with the other two.

At home she managed to stay out of the parlor until supper was announced. Then she hid behind the great pyramid of flowers that made the centerpiece, for his being at a meal there brought up pleasant memories. When ’twas over, she went upstairs to dress for church, and never came down until she thought all were gone; but when she reached the head of the staircase, she saw him walking softly back and forth in the great hall. She longed to fly to her room, but he had already seen her and paused at the foot of the stair, saying, as she descended,

“The others have gone. Will you allow me to take you?” His eyes were beautiful as he looked up.

There was nothing to say except “Yes,” and she felt



like a bird caged from its freedom of the woods, for she thought, "Now I will *have* to hear."

Just as they were leaving the veranda, the old lady came hurrying back for a wrap, saying,

"I can not see very well at night. Would it be asking too much of you to give me the assistance of your other arm, Mr. Leigh?"

"Certainly," answered he, offering it politely, and the trio proceeded. Evangeline smiled in the dark to think how Leon must feel, though for her poor self she felt thankful. The crowd all walked home together, and there was no chance for even a few words to themselves.

When they were comfortably seated in the parlor and had had some music, Leon called on his friend to recite. She wished she could steal away to herself, for Leon's eyes, full of tenderness, were always upon her in wonder and she never forgot them. She said to herself,

"Oh! eyes, why do you look so full of love and then treat me so cruelly? Is your owner a flirt?"

Presently he said, "Yutaka, please, will you recite '*That Old Sweetheart of Mine?*' You know that that is my favorite," and he looked at her tenderly. She could not bear that look, for her heart burned within her, so she turned her face away to arrange the sofa pillows and hide her drooping eyes.

In his soft, musical, love-laden voice, peculiar to his people, the Japanese began, with the sweetest intonation all his own,

"As one cons at evening o'er an album all alone,  
And muses on the faces of the friends that he  
has known,  
So I turn the leaves of fancy till, in shadowy  
design,  
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart  
of mine."



Leon never took his eyes from her, and had he shot so many real arrows into her heart, it would not have hurt worse. She tried not to notice it, but at last she could bear it no longer and arose to bring in some water. She waited in the hall some time. While there, these thoughts ran through her head,

“Does his friend know that I am an old sweetheart of his? Has he drilled him in the pathos of his voice, in that recitation, to try me? Had he planned this little scene before he came?”

The poem was nearly finished; deep in thought, she did not notice that she framed the parlor doorway just as Yutaka said, with an unconscious gesture toward her,

“‘Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions  
I resign  
To greet the living presence of that old sweet-  
heart of mine.’”

She was so embarrassed, utterly helpless, and weak, she half leaned upon the door-post for support. Leon bounded across the room and took the pitcher and glass from her,

“Let *me* pass it for you.”

The old lady joined in,

“That recitation was fine, my friend, better than even your lecture. I would enjoy hearing more, but our carriage has been at the door for some time. I am afraid we will miss our train if we wait longer, and that would break in upon the dates of your lectures at other places. We must be going.”

Leon paused by Evangeline's side in the doorway, saying, “Our State Convention meets at Richmond, I think. You will attend, will you not, Miss Lee?” anxiously.

“No, not this year.”

“I’m sorry. We would be glad to have you with us.”

He held her hand clasped in his a moment as he said goodbye, then was gone, and she thought,

“Oh! Leon, you were so patient, so kind! If only that old clause, ‘I do not want to falsely impress you. I can never be more than a friend,’ did not stand like a ghost between us; and ring forever in my ears. Why did you say it? Why, why, why?”

A night or two later uncle Isom, who sat in the kitchen, said to Mammy, who was making biscuits and giving them a plump sink in the center with her fat wrist,

“‘Peahs tuh me lak Miss ‘Vangeline nevvah speak an’ ac’ jes’ ez kin’ tuh Mr. Leigh ez huh used tuh do. De night he wuz hyah, ez I passed ‘round de ‘ouse, he be waitin’ fo’ huh tuh come down stahs an’ he walk an’ walk wid hes haid ben’ low towa’d de flo’. Den he go tuh huh pictah an’ look an’ look. Hes face lit up lak de sunshine w’en huh comed down. He han’som’, he good chahactah, he fine fambly, ‘peahs lak he lubs huh. But I don’ bleb muh lady lub ‘im nary bit in grain. Do yo’ rec’on huh lub dat Nawf man?”

Mammy bent back considerably,

“Nawf man, shucks! Lo’dy, Lo’dy! Yo’ ain’ got no sense no way. Huh wuz lak uh block o’ snow-white ice tuh ‘im ‘til he lef. Den tiahd an’ white huh say tuh me,

“‘I don’ wan’ tuh be daceitful, but I *has* tuh, tuh show ‘im I’ze uh lady. He mus’ not know I luvs ‘im.’

“Den wid huh hyah obah huh shol’ahs huh set in de moonlight an’ say,

“‘Oh! muh lub, muh lub!’

“De good Lawd mus’ uh-be awdacious busy dat He let dem git tuh warkin’ ’ginst each uddah dat uh way. W’en twilight shaddahs begin tuh come, huh sets fo’ ’ouahs by de windah wid huh a’ms on de sill gazin’ wishfully up towahds de stahs. Now yo’ knows ef huh lubs dat Nawf man, shucks! En ef yo’ evvah breaves dat I tells yo’, yo’ knows whut’s yo’ pohtion. Miss Evangeline don’ wan’ nobody boddahin’ wid huh lub affahs.” Mammy knew he would die before he would tell.

One night as she sat by the window in her room, Mammy said,

“Honey chile, yo’ do look so tiahd an’ peak-lak. Doos yo’ wan’ me tuh comb yo’ hyah?”

“I don’t mind if you would, Mammy.” After a long silence she said, “Mammy, I’m going away this winter.”

“Sho’ly yo’ ain’t, honey. Hits ah pow’ful lonesome w’en yo’ gone. Whah yo’ gwine?”

“I have always longed to be a trained nurse, but I expect I’ll teach. I must do something and keep busy, to forget Leon, or I will really die. The days seem like years.”

“Honey, didn’ he write tuh yo’ de uddah day?”

“Yes, here is what he said,” taking a note from her belt,

“I write just a word to say that the exact time of the Convention is November 13-16. We very much hope you will find time to run up and spend those few days with us. Will you not come?

“Very truly your friend,

“(Richmond

“Leolaine Leigh.”

c/o N. E. Newman)

“What does he take me to be, Mammy? Does he think I will follow him up like that? If he wants me to write to him again, why isn’t he man enough to ask it? No, I can not answer it, neither will I go.”



## CHAPTER XX

"I'll pray the prayer of Plato old:  
God made thee beautiful within  
And may thine eyes the good behold  
In everything save sin."

"How kum he to evvah kum hyah? He sho' 'sprised huh lady, kumin' widout eben writin'," said uncle Isom very stiff in his old Confederate uniform. "Looks uh leetle lak wah times tuh see uh sol'jah settin' 'roun'," and he peered through the window down under the great trees where Captain Gill was at that time saying,

"I could not leave America without seeing you once again, Miss Lee. I beg pardon for coming so unexpectedly and beg pardon also if the question I came all the way to Leeland to ask, because the proper place to ask it, will be unpleasant to you."

She knew what he was going to ask, and to refuse him before he asked her she said,

"I am and always *will* be a rebel."

"Your eyes, Miss Lee, are both the blue and the gray, and far more of the 'blue.'"

Feeling how cute he had caught her, a faint smile played in her eyes as she answered,

"Indeed there *may* be in my eyes, but far more of the grey in my heart, Captain Gill."

"Ah, too true, I'm afraid. Would that we had met years ago. *Sometimes* I hope you will think of me over with the Philippinos and not think it wrong to do so. *My* thoughts will *ever* be with thee."

Pity was about to overwhelm her, but she knew that would never do.

“With the highest respect I will remember you, Captain Gill.”

“No more?” said he beseechingly.

“I *must* say no more,” answered she.

“You refuse me not because I’m a Yankee, but because you love some Southern boy. I know not who it is, neither will I ask you questions.” Taking her hand to say goodbye, he looked at her ring and gazed with admiration into her eyes as if to impress them forever on his memory.

Mists filled her eyes. It touched her to see him so touched, and it was all she could do to simply say goodbye.

He gave the hand in his a warm grasp, went quickly to his horse, and rode as only a soldier can ride out through the great gate. She leaned against a pillow and wondered why she could not love him. At an open space in the trees he turned and waved his handkerchief and was gone. A small voice whispered,

“Captain Gill loves you. He will give you everything earthly you desire in his historic home on the Hudson.”

But before her there arose the vision of the first meeting of a pair of beautiful brown eyes with long, long lashes, beseeching, accusing.

“Those eyes keep my heart until stolen from them by another. Love is so strange. Captain Gill loves me and I can not love him. I love Leon, and he does not love me. Yet I will live alone unless I learn to *love* another, and he also loves me in return.”

## CHAPTER XXI

“Swift little troops of silent sparks,  
Now pausing, now scattering away, as in fear,  
Go threading the soot-forest’s tangled darks  
Like herds of startled deer.”

A leaden sky thick with snow sprites not yet fallen. Whispering fairies, they soon were casting a change upon everything, tumbling, tossing, flying, floating 'round and 'round until they reached the ground.

Mrs. Lee and some ladies of the church were in the parlor marking Christmas presents for the Sunday school.

Evangeline, home for the holidays, had hers already stowed away in her room. Besides gifts for the Sunday school she had for Mammy a black silk dress and a white lace cap and apron; presents for uncle Isom and gifts for mother. Off in the kitchen with Mammy it was a luxury to toast her feet by the wood fire in the great fire place while Mammy iced Christmas cakes and stacked plates high with Christmas candies. The pantry was running over with “goodies” and a fragrant odor issued from hence. Mammy placed a great basket of apples beside her, and every now and then stirred the fire until it danced and sparkled, doing her best to fill Evangeline with the Christmas spirit of gladness; but with one knee clasped in her hands the latter sat watching the pictures in the fire and the starry sparks against the dark, billowy background.

“Hain’t bein’ uh schoolmarm dese months tuck ’way dem lonesome day-dreams, honey?”

“I’m sorry to say it has not, Mammy. I’m just waiting for you to get through so you can soothe my head with the hair-brush and your magic art. Many a night have I longed for it when I could not get it.”

When everything was in place, and the pantry door closed, Mammy let down the great flowing mass and the two enjoyed the quiet together.

“Dis haid done quit greebin’ ’bout somebody since yo’ bin so busy teachin’ dem lil chillens, I ’low.”

“I wish that I could say that it had, Mammy, but I can’t. Even in playing kindergarten games with the children Leon seems near and I nearly reach out my hand to take his, when lo! he vanishes. If I lose myself in slumber, in dreams, he comes, dressed as Sir Gallahad, riding in under the pines, gazing up to some lone star—*at once* he disappears down some woodland solitude: and day gives place to night. It’s as if his spirit, by mental telepathy, ever entreats me to come; and when I start, it frightens him away. This restless longing for his real presence is gnawing my heart away, and I can’t throw it off.”

“Waits ’til I gits de coffee-pot an’ uh tea-cup an’ I tells yo’ fo’tune, honey. See dis an’ dat. Dah’s trouble in de cup. He suffahs too, doh he come some day, en not on’y dem gret eyes speak hes lub, but hes lips will ’spressify de same. Yo’ bof be kinda puhfected tru suffahin’—de sweetes’ lub on uth.”

“That will do, Mammy. It’s nice to mend again ‘Cock Robin’ stories, but if he suffers, why does he not write and know the decision. ’Tis the gentleman’s place and not the lady’s. I will never write to him unless he writes to me first. I thought you were going to tell me of his marriage to another, so my heart would be at



rest; or that some knight mightier than he came and stole my heart against my will, until gradually he had it all, and I was content once more.”

“But, honey, yo’ won’ gib any uddah gem’n uh chance.”

“What’s the use to be nice to some one, and perhaps he learns to love me, when I can’t return it?”

“Dat’s right. Don’ git mixed up wid dem Yankees much whah yo’ teachin’. An’ yo’ tells dem fo’ me dat w’en dey teks dem pictahs o’ de Souf, tuh tek sum o’ de mansions in de rich valleys o’ Virgini. Dey teks de wus’ ole cabins dey kin fin’ tuh sen’ Nawf, an’ no wondah dey tink, up dah, we-alls no ’count an’ wuthless. All New Yoak ain’t slums, neitha am all de Souf cabins. Tell um tuh mix um up uh lil grain, so’s dey tells no lies. Humph! I can’t fo’git de wah, honey, an’ whut dem Yankees do tuh evvahbody. May yo’ nebbah lib tuh see uh wah, honey.”

## CHAPTER XXII

"Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,  
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day:  
Under the one the Blue,  
Under the other the Grey."

"Do you want anything, Mammy?"

"No, honey."

"The doctor said he thought you were doing nicely."

"Yas, honey, but de doctor don' know lak me an' de Lo'd. Las' night Mammy dream o' de glory-lan'. De blood fum de Sabior's side wash me white ez de dribben snow, an' I mount up, up, up an' play in de jaspah sea. De Lo'd am uh-callin' Mammy, honey."

She lay still a long time. Then,

"Muh min' wan's tuh go roamin' back tuh de ole days. I'ze jes' uh chunk o' uh gal w'en Marse Morris sen' fo' me. I stan' fo' 'im wid muh bonnit in muh han.' He go an' fotch dat lil baby wid hits long white clo's hangin' way down, an' laid hit in muh a'ms an' say, 'Fum dis time on yo' ken stay in de big 'ouse an' be nuss an' chief 'ouse-maid. We can trus' yo'. Keep neat, be lady-like an' refine.' I hahdly know whut 'refine' meant den, but I heah de white folks say dat ole missus de mos' refine lady in all eastahn Virgini. So I jes' try tuh be lak huh. Yo' dis lak ole Missus 'bout dat refinement, honey, but hit don' hab much time tuh grow in de Nawf. An' yo' don' see hit ez much now in ole Virgini ez in dem days. Hit's uh-growin' dimmah an' dimmah evah yeah. Hit's uh de mixin' o' de Nawf an' de Souf, honey."

There was a long silence. Then,

“Honey, chile, dah ain’ evvah gwina be no mo’ mammies, kaze de sahcumstance, de ole Souf, dat made um ain’ ebbah gwina be no mo’. I tink on hit right smart. Deys bleegeed tuh die wid hit. Dem wuz good ole times, honey. Yo’alls bin so good tuh me. Humph! I sut’nly does feel po’ly.”

She lay with her eyes closed for awhile. Then they opened and wandered over to the gate of the little burying-ground, where the stones shone white in the moonlight.

“Honey, ole Mastah an’ ole Missus lay side tuh side obah dah. Muh Lady Mahg’ret an’ Marse Morris, wid de flag ’bout ’im, side tuh side. Dah be uh place fo’ Miss Virgini an’ yo’, den dah be uh lil connah at de foot o’ yo’-alls. Who gwina lay dah? Couldn’ yo’-all let ole Mammy lay huh bones tuh res’ dah? Huh allus bin wid de white folks w’en huh libin, an’ ’peahs lak huh don’ wanna be wid de niggahs w’en huh daid.”

“Most assuredly, Mammy. It’s yours without the asking. If there is anything else you want, you shall have it.”

“I’ze glad I done ’spressify dat wish. I’m satisfy, ’cep’s I wan’ uh black coffin wid fringe on hit, an’ be baried in muh las’ black silk dress an’ de white lace ap’on an’ cap yo’ gib me. I’ze allus had nice clo’s tuh weah, good tings tuh eat, wahm ’ouse tuh lib in, an’ big trips wid yo’ w’en yo’ lil. Doh I didn’ wan’ huh tuh, Miss Virgini jes’ would pay me evvah since de niggahs bin free. I’ze spen’ all I wan’ tuh; den in dat ole pocket-book in muh trunk is uh t’ousand dollahs I’ze sabed easy nuf. I wan’ yo’ tuh use hit fo’ de school yo’ has allus wanted, ur fo’ Beth’ny chu’ch.”

Evangeline could bear it no longer,

“Oh! Mammy, Mammy. What will I ever do without you?” she cried, for had not her benign old face been the first to greet her when she opened her eyes to this world, and her dark hand the first to caress her. In babyhood, maidenhood, and womanhood it had led her with tenderest care.

“Nemmine, honey, nemmine, honey baby, Mammy bin wid yo’ long time. Huh gittin’ ole. Don’ cry so; yo’ be plum wo’ out. Mammy gwina tek uh lil nap, an’ yo’ lay down and res’.”

In an hour she awoke and said,

“I feels uh whole lot bettah. Tells Isom I wan’ tuh talk tuh ’im lil.”

After she had talked to him, she fell asleep again. At twelve the three were still by her bedside when she awoke,

“De Lo’d am uh-callin’ Mammy, honey, an’ huh has tuh go. I ain’ skeered, honey chile. De watahs am peaceful, an’ ole mastah an’ ole missus—an’ muh lady—all am leanin’ down tuh lif’ ole Mammy up. W’en de trump soun’, I be dah at de beau’ful gate, waitin’ wid dem fo’ yo’-alls. I’ze comin’, L’od—goodbye, Isom, meet me dah—goodbye, Miss Virgini—Oh! goodbye—muh—beau’ful—lil—honey—baby!!” and with her hand still on the soft mass of hair as Evangeline knelt by her bed, Mammy joined the spirits of the departed in the land of the hereafter.

\* \* \* \* \*

In a few weeks there was a pretty marble cross at her grave, in which was her picture and inscribed under it,  
“Honey, chile, dah ain’ evvah gwina be no mo’ mammies.”



## CHAPTER XXIII

“Seldom can the heart be lonely,  
If it seek a lonelier still,  
Self-forgetting, seeking only  
Emptier cups of love to fill.”

“Cousin,” said Maudrey as they sat under the pines at Leeland, “it seems a long time since I saw you last. What have you been doing?”

“Mostly getting old, Maudrey.”

“We are not in our teens any more, to be sure, yet I see no silver threads among the gold. Ten or twelve more years and I will establish a bachelor’s hall, and come over now and then to take my old-maid cousin out driving. The place seems lost without Mammy and uncle Isom.”

“It does to all of us. A year and a half now since she died, and just six months afterward we placed him by her side. At his request we buried him in the old Confederate suit of grey that grandpa gave him. Do you want to walk over to the graves?”

“Yes, presently. I brought a wreath of wax roses and forget-me-nots in a glass case for her grave. You remember how much she liked the wax flowers at the cemetery. For uncle Isom’s grave I have a wreath of holly. Who helps in the kitchen and on the farm now?”

“Christine sent us a good colored girl, and uncle Isom already had a man trained in everything about the place.”

“I heard that you helped Christine find work, and in other ways, until she graduated at Tuskegee.”

“Who told you?”

"Never mind. I heard also that you had a nice little college for the darkies built at Liberty with her at the head."

"I'm not the one."

"Why, your minister told me. Is he in the habit of misrepresenting?"

"Mammy built it, Maudrey, or rather she left a thousand dollars she had saved, and it went to the building of it; besides many of the darkies gave their labor free. Even the women and children helped."

"Even Evangeline helped," and Maudrey's eyes twinkled, for he wanted to make her confess to the charity. "What do you call it?"

"In Memoriam."

"Booker Washington methods, I suppose."

"Yes, and as fine an industrial department as you could find anywhere. Christine is in her sphere now and as happy as a queen."

"I was told she had a mulatto beau who teaches at Tuskegee and comes up to call on her at Liberty."

"Yes, I don't mind telling you they are to be married real soon. He will be a great help in her school."

"Well, we'll make a call at the college too. What do you say? I would like to see it."

"Certainly."

"When have you heard from any member of our old house party?"

"All along. Nan and Tolar, Katherine and Harry Hill, Grace and Herbert Moninger got married. The latter has become noted in Sunday school work."

"Yes, I noticed that in 'The Standard.'"

"Errett McDiarmid, another Bethany schoolmate, taught a long time at Hazel Green, Kentucky, a moun-

tain school. You know that ever since we read 'Little Women' when we were children, I've always dreamed of my Plumfield: if I only had some one to help me."

"Is not 'In Memoriam' school enough?"

"No, that's just for Liberty. I want one that I can help run myself. I would love it in the mountains. Or bring some of the children over to me at Leeland."

"You have already been teaching have you not? And at what place?"

"Yes, 'way down in Lee where it meets with Tennessee and Kentucky is the cornerstone on a knob of the mountain overlooked by the Pinnacle. A stream from King Solomon's Cave, under the Pinnacle rock, flashes in sprays down through Cumberland Gap. Near this spot, in Tennessee, a sanatorium was built. When it failed, it was bought for a school building. Dr. Larry, its president, and his queenly wife started an industrial school called Grant-Lee Hall, with boxes for dining-tables and chairs. I first knew of it at a Christian Endeavor Convention when I was entertained in the building. It had furniture then. Dr. Larry wanted me to teach a kindergarten for him in the mornings and some college studies in the afternoon, so I accepted. From the help it receives from the North, it is fast becoming a university—Lincoln Memorial University. It is for our mountain people, especially of the three States. I love to teach them because they make splendid men and women. I have an essay about them, written when I was at Bethany, I will let you read."

There was a flash of crimson as a cardinal lit in a pine over their heads and darted here and there among its branches, content in its leafy hiding-place. They watched it in silence for a while.

Evangeline sat leaning her head back against the tree, watching the billowy clouds in the blue sky. Maudrey at her feet on the grass seemed to be asleep, with his head resting on a root, but he was in reality studying her face as he looked from half-closed lids. Presently he said,

“Busy forgetting, Evangeline?”

“Forgetting what, Maudrey?”

“In other words, where is Leigh? You have not told me any secrets, but your face is a well-written page. You love a memory at least.”

“Nearly two years ago I read in a church paper that he went to Hawaii as a missionary.”

“Has he never written to you from there?”

“No.”

“If I had him, I would rake him over the coals. Where is Miss Muriel?”

“They live in Lexington, Kentucky.”

“Has she never married?”

“No.”

“I think I will renew our correspondence. What say you?”

“Certainly, you *should* have long ago. Are you still going to hold your government position in Washington?”

“Yes, get your hat and we will walk over to the cemetery, and then I want you to take a spin with me in my new roadster while you tell me more of Muriel. I came by Luray, Charlottesville, and Richmond. You are to go back with me for the rest of your vacation. No excuses.”

“I would just love a trip through in a car, but I’ve been thinking seriously of coming this winter and taking a nurse’s course in a hospital, then a position in the children’s ward.”



“All right. If I’m not too busy at the time, I will come for you.”

He looked at her curiously for a moment, then said gently,

“Does teaching leave you too much time to think, cousin?”

She nodded her head and began talking of Muriel.

When they returned in the twilight, Maudrey got out to open the big gate and took the mail from the box near by.

“What’s there?”

“Only two papers, *The Evangelist* and *The Evening Star*,” and he tossed them into her lap.

“To hear a motor throbbing under these pines will make Ridinghood-redbird take notice.”

“It has been a nice ride, Maudrey, and thank you. I’m glad you came in your car, for you can teach me how to run yours while you are here; then mother and I will get one. You can help us select ours.”

With the air of a king’s coachman he threw open the door and took the hand of the princess to alight.

“You look through the papers while I put the car away,” and he found in the quarters an ideal spot for it.

When he at last came around to the veranda again, Mammy’s substitute handed him a note,

“Maudrey, please excuse me for tonight. I’ll see you in the morning.

“Evangeline.”

“Miss Evangeline’s gone to her room; said for you to look through *The Evangelist*, sir.”

He picked it up and after a bit his eye found what he knew she wanted him to read:

“Just as we go to press we received a cablegram from Hawaii, bearing the sad news of the death of Bro. Leolaine Leigh. At his request he was buried near the seashore, where the plaintive Hawaiian waves ever murmur a caress.

“The brotherhood has lost one of its most consecrated members.”

Next morning the cousins sat in a boat on the lake, drifting and saying very little.

“You certainly have my sympathy, cousin, and I will always do all I can to help you forget.”

“Some way, Maudrey, I’ve always had a longing to be remembered when I’m gone—not with a towering monument of cold marble but in the warm hearts of human beings, a something of the spirit that lives on here through the ages, after my body has crumbled into dust. It must have been something of the same longing that caused the Sphinx and pyramids to be built. I think I will make my life into a story—my heroine as I have always longed to look, my soul as it is. Perhaps someone else may read and remember me.”

“It will not be hard for me to remember you, cousin,” and there were mists in Maudrey’s eyes.

“Nor me you, Maudrey. I’ve heard it said that if we save some one and, after we die, they, in turn, save many souls, that God will reckon their jewels to us, as well as to themselves. In one way *that’s* living on. It seems I do so little.”

## CHAPTER XXIV

“O Liberty, can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy gen’rous flame?  
Can dungeon, bolts, and bars confine thee,  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?”

The great World War was raging across the waters. Terrible sounds on the earth, in the air and sea had been going on for some time.

Uncle Sam, in true chivalry to France, offered his gallant sons in return for Lafayette’s services years before. Therefore many training camps dotted the United States over, where the rich and the poor, the university graduate and the man who could not write his name, the refined and the roughest tough, wore the same uniform and were to join in one common cause of sacrifice and service for others.

At Camp Lee there was no handsomer soldier nor a more general favorite than Maudrey Legend, especially when his pretty cousin and her mother came to visit.

Not many months after his entry Legend, with a few of his mates was off on a furlough—guests at Leeland. Muriel Murland also was there. The air of the place was quite military. A favorite resort was under a big cherry-tree in the orchard, laden with crimson fruit. Here the girls of the party knitted sweaters and helmets for their beaux, while the said gentlemen lolled on the grass beside them eating cherries, winding yarn, or reading the latest war news aloud. There were long auto-rides, picnics, suppers under the pines in the twilight, serenading parties in the moonlight on the water—painting pictures on memory’s walls, Maudrey said, for him to dream on in the trenches in France later on.

One picture eclipsed all the rest, his proposal and Muriel's "Yes." Off to themselves in a boat near the water-lily bed the "sweetest story" was told.

"When the war is over over there, I'll buy the old mansion just yonder and the farm with it next to aunt Virginia's and build a beautiful bungalow with columns and christen it Murland. You and Evangeline can visit each other through the orchard with the latest crochet pattern or cake recipe." Thus they talked for an hour or so. Then Muriel said,

"Evangeline has changed so much, don't you think?"

"Do you know why?"

"I think I guess."

"I happen to know. Leigh's dead. A whole year and a half she gave her time to the children's ward in the hospital and every charity imaginable, working with fever patients until she took it herself. For weeks we did not think she would live. When she was convalescent, we brought her home. The doctor said she must rest all summer, and she is taking his advice simply because she has her heart set on going overseas as a Red Cross nurse. Aunt Virginia has had company for her, and visits to Camp Lee. For her special benefit I selected some of the finest fellows in camp on this furlough, as though for my pleasure, but I thought one of them might win her. She actually accepted Erwin Ensign's company to church one night, but I'm afraid that's all. I must go now and tell her the news. I'll be back in a minute."

He was away up the steps three at a time. He found her in the dining-room seeing to the refreshments.

"I'm an engaged man—engaged!" he announced.

Sitting on the window-sill he told her of his home-to-be.



“Why, cousin, what are you crying about? Did you not always plan for me to marry Muriel?”

“Yes, Maudrey, but it was so sudden and some way brings up memories—of—of—”

“I know,” he finished for her. “It would have been nice in the evenings, when the day’s work was over at Murland and Leeland and you two women were talking of pies, cakes, and pastry, to see Leigh and I close by discussing crops and politics. I wish with all my heart it could have been, cousin. Muriel is going to take a nurse’s course somewhere while I am at Camp Lee and go with us overseas. Now come go see her and we will receive congratulations and you two can plan your dresses, for you are to be maid of honor.”

A verse from one of Leon’s letters, years ago, kept repeating itself in her thoughts,

“Whatever future God has for me,  
Sunshine or shadow as pleaseth Thee,  
If darkness, my pathway thorny and rough,  
God is my Father—that is enough.”

When they reached Muriel, Evangeline had the two stand side by side,

“I’m just as happy as you look to be—both of you. Never betray her trust, Maudrey, and you will find your home the happiest place in the world.”

“Why, cousin, how do you know?”

“Home is not the gilded walls, neither poverty and dirt—’Tis the loving spirit that pervades and the untiring efforts to make each other truly happy. You see I have made homes a study, for I *have* hoped to have one myself some day; but now that I never expect to marry,

I hope to find in your home all my ideals fulfilled both for you and yours. May God bless you both with heaven's richest blessings," and she kissed each in turn.

"It makes me so happy that you should love each other and not either be disappointed in your first love."

"Thank you, cousin. I'm going to try to be a model husband. You remember you selected my wife a few years ago and I remarked, 'Not hard to love, I should think.'"

"So I did."

"But it's been mighty hard to love her," and mischief played all over his features. "And guess what she said when I asked her if she loved me. She never said yes at all but, 'I can keep house and make jams, jellies, and preserves,' and I answered quick as lightning, 'In our home you can make all the sweet stuff you want.'"

"Now, Evangeline, do you believe him? He made every bit of that up."

"Say, cousin, we both hope you may have the home you have longed for, for the angels know you deserve it."

## CHAPTER XXV

"Ye sons of France, awake to glory!  
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise,  
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!"

As was often the case during the war, the embarking of Maudrey's regiment came eight months before he expected it. It was kept secret by the officers, so that enemy spies would not know when transports were taking American soldiers across. He had received a telegram from Muriel, saying her mother was sick with tuberculosis and she had to go with her to Arizona; therefore, the wedding would have to be postponed and she would join them when she could in France. There was no time to pay her a last visit. This was a part of war.

Mrs. Lee, uncle Ed, and aunt Celeste accompanied Maudrey and Evangeline as far as New York. Tears were near the surface of many an eye, yet this little group fought bravely to curtain them in. They took in the city and the two departing ones were loaded with every sweet and delicacy they could carry. As darkness drew near, they could hear the panting, as if for breath, of the great ship and see her fast filling with khaki figures. When they were on deck, Evangeline found two other nurses and Salvation Army women who were to be company for her on this trip.

"Evangeline's Red Cross uniform is the most becoming dress I have ever seen her wear," sighed aunt Celeste, "and her great army cape is so pretty."

"What are all those dark looking objects around the ship?" asked Evangeline.

“English destroyers that are to convoy this vessel and one or two more filled with American men,” said her uncle.

“It reminds me of Cleopatra’s barge with black gladiators to guard her. They certainly look comforting.”

“Did you notice this ship is camouflaged so a submarine can’t find her out at sea very well—painted green like the briny deep with waves breaking over it? Then, too, when day dawns, the destroyers will puff out immense clouds of black smoke, so that their charges can not be seen in the blackness; and they will fight to the death if a ‘sub’ slips in. Glorious convoys! guarding millions of gallant youths who are to learn to die bravely and fearlessly over there,” and uncle Ed looked fondly at his son.

“My fighting will be up among the stars along with old Mars. An air-plane for me, where I can hide in the clouds and dash out on some buzzard German soaring about, or look down and read their army’s movements—a superman of the air. An ace is my goal,” exclaimed Maudrey.

“What is that, my son?” asked his mother.

“One who brings down five enemy planes, each victory having at least three witnesses. My plane will be christened ‘Red Wing,’ a dark maroon red.”

“Any work for me my hands find to do,” said Evangeline. “I fear submarines and to be near the battlefront, but that is as nothing compared with the fear I have of falling prisoner into the hands of those cruel, inhuman Germans, when I think of them cutting up women bit by bit with their swords as they have already done. My carrier pigeon is a great comfort—the wireless for Maudrey and me,” and she kissed the



pink bill of her snow-white pigeon. "Her name is White Wings."

"Keep your Bibles close to your hearts, children, and repeat often the verse of your Savior, who said on the cross, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

"No, not what they do to thousands of mothers and fathers as well as sons and daughters," added uncle Ed.

Then the destroyers with hats off, as it were, politely bowed their heads while the goodbyes were said, and tears held back so long flowed freely and mingled with each other's and nobody cared. With the Goddess of Liberty pointing upward to the stars and God above, and the great briny deep below, the vessel moved forward, a mass of khaki figures by the darkness befriended. This convoy was found to consist of fifteen transports and twenty-two destroyers.

They were delighted that their journey was nearly over and they had had no trouble, when all at once in the Irish Sea three "subs" bobbed up. The destroyers immediately put out a smoke-screen and the transports began zigzagging. In so doing one of their own vessels rammed the Anselm, on which Evangeline and Maudrey were sailing. Life-boats were gotten out and life-preservers put on.

"Do let me go in the same boat with you, Maudrey. Oh! horrors! The submarines may shell the life-boats after torpedoing the ship. They *have* done it to other ships they attacked and jeered at the struggles of their victims."

Depth bombs were put out, and the transports scattered here and there to land various places, some in Liverpool and others on the coasts of Ireland and Wales, the Anselm on the Irish coast.

## CHAPTER XXVI

"Where are arms enough to hold them?  
Hands to pat each shining head?"

Evangeline had not been long in training in France, until her natural love for children was found out, and she was placed in a home for refugee children and young French mother-girls who had been taken from their homes as prisoners in German raids, and left as the Germans moved on. 'Twas her hardest task to teach mother-love to many of them who so hated the Germans.

Germans, whose homeland she revered as the paradise of childhood, Froebel's fatherland, the founder of the kindergarten, and now for Prussian militarism to mark little children with such a curse. This she found hard to forgive. One girl of high birth begged Evangeline to take her home with her to America when the war was over and she promised. She taught Evangeline French and in return the latter gave her English. Quite a friendship grew up between them. Sometimes they went together to the village and called at little stone houses for butter and eggs. Evangeline loved to see the French women in their homes. The French girl told her that a German officer took her from her home and burned the house, and she did not know whether her grandparents were burned or not.

One day Evangeline was playing games with the children in a little grove nearby when there arose a great excitement among them over seeing an airplane alight in a wheat-field close by. The aviator stepped forth with goggles on and came toward them.

“Hello! cousin, I’ve come to take you for a ride in Red-Wing,” said Maudrey. “Is she not a beauty? Don’t be afraid. I can certainly carry you safely.”

“It’s a plane that would make anybody proud to own it,” and she looked it over from every angle. “But as to *my* riding, that is another question.”

“You can’t fall out. I’ll strap you in tight.” After much persuasion he succeeded in buckling her in. When well into the heavens, he asked,

“How do you like it?”

“It makes me feel as if I were an angel soaring between two worlds. No Germans near, are there?”

“No Satans to bother the angels, eh? I think not. I’m taking you away from the battle-line all the time. I have a letter from Muriel and one in it for you. She sent us a lot of things—a new helmet for me and a sweater for you, bandages for your hospital, and so on. When I get to earth again, I will give you yours. Her mother is better. Feel there by the seat and you will find a box of home-made candies.”

“Um-m-m! How good!” and she dropped a piece in Maudrey’s mouth also.

“I see right now it’s going to take all the transports in the British and American navies to accommodate the orphans you will take home with you when the war is over. Thought you did not believe in mixing up foreigners and Anglo-Saxons?”

“But they are so pitiful. I have promised to take my French teacher and her little girl named Lorraine, and I may take some more.”

“You will supply all the first families of Virginia with French maids, cooks, and so on.”

“And save the best maid and cook for you and Muriel.”



“Say, *do*; that’s a bargain. You know how to pick a good one. I’m depending on you for trained servants. I’ve been visiting my friend Ensign in the trenches. He said he came very near having trench fever in those vermin-infested trenches with rivulets of mud and water flowing through, but now his company has real up-to-date intrenchments, kitchen, dining-room, and even a stable. Think of it, cousin, he has a cow down there in the stable. He just found her wandering about in the danger zone and took care of her. He gets lots of fresh milk and butter too. Communicating trenches lead back to company kitchens and rest rooms of the armies. ’Tis here we meet. He is ever talking of his pleasant days at Leeland while we were at Camp Lee. There is a fine picture on for Saturday at the Y. M. C. A. movie. He begged me to ask you if he could have your company to it.”

“Just one lady among all those soldiers?”

“No, several boys have engagements with nurses and some with French girls for the same night. I’ll be your chaperon: we both have leave of absence. Please go, for after Sunday I go into real service and we will be having no chances then for any recreation. You certainly will not be worried with Ensign’s company often. What must I tell him?”

“You may tell him yes, for I, too, go Monday into regular hospital work as extra nurse anywhere they need me.”

“Thank you. Ensign will be glad. He wants to give you a good time if it’s to be had in France. Goodbye. How about taking a trip to Berlin in this one day?”

“No, I believe not yet.”

“I’ll be on hand Saturday night in a car with Ensign.”



“Very well. Thank you so much for the ride. Goodbye,” and she waved her handkerchief as he arose, and watched Red-Wing far into the heavens.

True to his promise Maudrey and his friend arrived early in the afternoon Saturday. They drove up near the front lines where the Salvation Army women who came over on the Anselm with them had a dugout rest-room. They were served fresh doughnuts and grape-juice.

From there they went to Paris sight-seeing and to a matinee. They bought her large boxes of candy, baskets of grapes, and fruits of all kinds, they went to dine at a great French hotel, in a dining-hall filled with handsomely dressed officers from most every nation under heaven, and fashionably dressed French women. The courtesy and hearty comradeship paid every American was beautiful to see.

From Paris they went to the Y. M. C. A. movie and then home again. Ensign and Maudrey both felt repaid when Evangeline said with animation,

“I can’t tell you when I’ve had such a delightful afternoon and evening. Thank you both so much. Goodbye.”

## CHAPTER XXVII

"In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row by row,  
That mark our place, and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly."

Maudrey was getting uneasy about Evangeline. He had not heard from her for three weeks, when the carrier pigeon arrived one day with a letter on thin paper written closely,

"Dear Maudrey:

"I'm in real service now in a hospital mostly filled with wounded marines from the Marne battlefield. One other nurse and I have been going with the orderlies to the deserted battlefields for the wounded—the dead and the dying everywhere and such intense suffering. I have not had time to write. As we came back to the hospital one day, we came to a quaint old Catholic church. We entered near the rostrum, the tread of the carpet was soft, and blinded by the light, we were for a moment unaware of another presence in the room; but finally discovered a small, greyhaired gentleman with the insignia of a general on his uniform kneeling at the altar praying. Going softly to the front door we saw an orderly outside holding a horse. I asked him who it was.

"‘General Foch, Miss,’ he said. At once the General himself appeared and saluted as only a Frenchman can.

"‘Uncle Sam’s daughters, I perceive,’ said he, ‘angels of mercy, taking care of my wounded boys. God bless you and may His presence be with each soldier as he takes his last furlough to the land of the blest.’ Saluting

again he was gone. He is one person I had longed to see. Write me a long letter, if you can, and tell me what you and Red-Wing have been into. I saw a plane the other day and thought it was you coming. Letters from home have never reached me here. Send any you have.

“Your cousin,  
“Evangeline.”

She received in reply,

“Dear Evangeline:

“Glad to know you were in the land of the living. I had been having my doubts. One never knows which world they will be living in at any moment, over here. I have just one big piece of news—*I have won my goal!* Was helping a new aviator who had an observation plane. We were soaring in a fog on our side, when I spied two planes. I put my glasses upon them and saw black crosses upon each. I signaled my friend to make for cover in the fog, and at the same time I dashed out upon the first black cross and sent him down, his plane blazing as it went. The other one made at me like fury. I was afraid he was more than a match for me, and the stunts I did to keep from being hit can not be described by me. I looped and curved and looped a double loop; and he nearly did the same. Red-Wing got one shot, but to no hurt. I brought to bear my master stroke and he went crashing to the earth. I most surely will drop a wreath on that German aviator’s grave; he deserves it.

“Another time one of the best trained boys in our escadrille was sent with me to overlook a certain wing of enemy entrenchments and we were returning when something caused me to whirl around. There were three German planes after us, planning to surround us—a way

they have. My companion turned and made for the outer one near him. I soared high and dived at the first with success; as he went down, the other one would have set me afire had I not looped quick as a wink and given him a shot in the turning. He went down in a flame. My companion had gotten his, but there was a fourth one somewhere that had stolen in on my friend unaware and had him in a tight place. I gave the enemy plane a broadside and he, too, was laid low. That completed my five. Oh! boy, I dreamed of hornets buzzing around me all night.

“Ensign has been with Haig in his great tank drive when he surprised the Boches, sleeping in their trenches, early one morning. They marched all night to do this.

“Evangeline, if anything happens to me, give my watch and any money coming to me to Muriel. I also always have on my person a letter for her. At headquarters are keepsakes for you and the rest of the family.

“Another thing, cousin, I am prepared to go West any time. Am not afraid.

“Write often.

“With love from Maudrey.”



## CHAPTER XXVIII

“We are the dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.”

From her patients Evangeline heard an account of the battle of the Marne, how the marines were cheered by the crowds in the villages through which they passed, and marched to the front in straight even lines, as if on a parade ground, to glory or the grave—mostly the latter, the price they paid. They charged cheering, and as the battle grew fiercer, yelled like Indians as they met their foe. America had come at last. Some would stand for an hour, it seemed, after they were shot before they fell in a heap. Against this khaki-colored wave Germany sent her Prussian Guard and the best she had. They wanted to strike terror to the hearts of the Americans at the very beginning. They had tried to strike terror to all the Allies by their cowardly deeds of cutting helpless women bit by bit. Ah! could they but have known that those very acts brought out the mettle of the Americans, and whetted their swords to fight to the finish. Be it said, at no time during the World War, and at no place, did they ever retreat before the hosts of the Huns.

The Marines took a section of Belleau Wood. The Boches were on the run and surrendering to the Americans right and left, but the latter lost heavily; and the hospitals were filled with their wounded. The work of the Red Cross was almost as important as the work of the soldiers.

Evangeline and one other nurse were in an auto following ambulances to the new battlefields. As they drew near, the road was blocked by broken down trucks. A little in the distance they could hear calls for "Water—water!" some of them dying away as life ebbed out. The nurses got out and walked ahead. Among the splintered trees, stumps, and other wreckage they could see little khaki-colored mounds of wounded. Filling their canteens from a brook near by, with their cups they passed among them, comforting, easing positions, and taking messages; sometimes stumbling on some soft sinking substance, to find, in horror, it was a *piece* of a man; or in giving a drink to another to find he had no mouth left—shot away. Completely absorbed in their work they did not notice that the road was cleared, and the trucks and ambulances had moved on with their loads and they were left alone on the battlefield. They just realized that they were near the front lines when there was an explosion, and pieces of spent shrapnel hit Evangeline all over the body, not with enough force to cause her to fall, but bruising and hurting her. The enemy had singled them out. Immediately both nurses dropped into shell holes. It soon began to rain. Crawling as best they could, they made their way to the ruins of an old church and found shelter in its basement, which was all that was left of it. For some reason no trucks or ambulances came back for the many wounded lying about. They grew uneasy for fear the enemy had taken that section again. The firing was farther off. That was all they could tell. It was morning when they had come to the field and they had been there a half a day. The ambulances should have made four or five trips.

Evangeline wrote a message to Maudrey, wrapped and tied it to White Wing's leg, and sent her forth.

Hour after hour passed like millions of years. The sun went down and twilight began to gather; still no one came to their assistance. Presently they heard German voices out where the wounded were thickest. They drew the door up and fastened it, and peeped through a small hole. Sure enough there were two Huns in regular German uniform, and they were taking watches and rings from the dead and dying, sometimes cutting off finger and all. Then they pulled the clothing off of some of the American soldiers, and dressed themselves in khaki uniforms, even to the helmet. Then the Huns started for the cellar. The nurses hid in the farthest corner behind some rubbish, trembling with fear. The Germans pulled hard on the door. Would it stand the test? The nervous strain was terrible. At that moment shots outside rang out again and there was the thud of something heavy. A shadow came across the one ray of light under the doorway. Something touched Evangeline on the shoulder and her blood nearly froze in her veins. 'Twas the carrier-pigeon coming to her basket on Evangeline's shoulder. There was blood on her foot and only a tiny bit of paper and a mite of a string. She had a flesh wound in her leg.

"Some Hun has shot my note to Maudrey off her leg, leaving only this much; there is not any writing on this. Or they have taken the note off and know our hiding place. He will never know we are in danger. What will we ever do?" she whispered in despair.

She said no more, for they were at the door again, shaking, shaking, and mumbling. Then low, but distinctly and clearly,

"*Evangeline?*"



“Oh! Maudrey! Maudrey!” and she rushed to the door and threw it open; then leaning her head on his broad shoulder, she wept for joy.

“Here, cousin, this will never do. See what’s at our feet and more may come any minute. Let us make for Red Wing,” and stepping over the bodies of the Boches in khaki uniform they all three started on the run.

When she was once up in the air, Evangeline gave a sigh of relief, saying,

“This feels like going out of the bad world into heaven. No prince or Sir Gallahad will ever equal you, Maudrey, in my eyes after this. Did you kill the Huns?”

“I *had* to, cousin. I would have rescued you two hours ago, but in flying about looking for a place to light, I saw that our people had the Huns on the run far from here; yet a small squad of Boches held the road through which the ambulances had to come. I got busy bombing them and at the same time keeping an eye out for enemy planes. I got all but those two who ran. I was nearly sure I saw the same ones on the battlefield, but they were too near the church ruins for me to bomb them. So I brought Red Wing down on the other side of the hill and slipped from stump to stump upon them. Got in sight again just as they were getting into our uniform. They were going to spy us out in khaki, they thought, and get back to their army unnoticed.”

“You got my message then?”

“Yes.”

“And White Wing was not hurt when she came to you?”

“No. Is she now?”

“Yes, see here.”



“Those cowardly Huns did that. When I started, I wrote you that I was coming and fastened it to the pigeon so that if it found you first, it would give you some comfort; yet I never set her free until after I began bombing the Boches.”

“I’ll dress her wound tonight, and give her more cotton for her bed. I have something she loves to eat, too.”

“She’s some bird! As I got out of my plane, just before coming to you, I saw a little grove over to the right. It looked to be full of dead men. I investigated and found a company of Americans who had been relieved. They were worn out and had lost sleep, I know, for they had fallen asleep on the ground with the rain pouring down on them, right in their faces, and they never awoke. Those two Huns would have finished them while they slept.”

Maudrey was nearing their hospital.

“Tell them the ambulances can go now, as the road is opened up, and for some of our boys to get the watches and rings out of the pockets of the two dead Germans by the cellar door. Send for me always, cousin, and I pray the Lord that the carrier will not be killed. Goodbye,” and he kissed her fondly.

## CHAPTER XXIX

“Into a ward of the white-washed walls  
Where the dead and dying lay,  
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,  
Somebody’s darling was borne one day.”

When the Americans and the British, with their tanks like great hideous beasts painted in weird colors, began breaking the Hindenburg line around Cambrai and St. Quentin, Evangeline was transferred to a hospital in that region. She was glad, for she was nearer Maudrey and he could come to see her more often in an auto, or in his plane.

The first night he came she was sitting on the doorstep of her ward, playing softly Hawaiian pieces on a guitar. He listened some time in the shadow, then said,

“Hello. ’Tis the first time I have heard you play since we were on the lake at Leeland. Wish I had my saxophone.”

“My patients get quiet and go to sleep so much sooner.”

“Here’s a letter from home,” and he sat down beside her in the doorway. Together they read it.

“I’m glad all are well.”

“But, cousin, I do not believe Muriel’s mother will ever be well, do you?”

“I’m afraid not.”

“Wish Muriel could be with us. She would be lots of company, would she not?”

“She certainly would. How goes the war with you? We have not been rushed with wounded since Wednesday and Thursday.”

“I had quite a busy time a few days ago. A great lot of allied planes, including my own, were flying low over the German lines, throwing their troops into confusion, exciting to say the least.

“The Crown Prince has been driven from the Marne, and the salient obliterated.”

“I’m glad.”

“Next to an airplane I’d rather be one of a crew in a tank, but like a ship, it makes you seasick sometimes. Ensign said the Germans put all the rifle and machine-gun fire upon them that they could muster, but they fell off like shot falling on a dishpan, did not harm them a bit. Wish you could look down upon them from the sky. They can go up and over the ruins of buildings.”

“Do you ever hear of our Salvation Army folks who came over with us, two girls, an older woman, and two older men?”

“Yes, they keep right up with the battle as close as they can get to the front. While bombing and banging go on overhead, down in their dugout you can see soldiers who have not had anything to eat for a day and night sitting around their fire, watching doughnuts sizzle in a sea of grease, while Salvation Nell and Nina are passing cups of steaming coffee among them. Sometimes the boys go off with doughnuts strung around their necks, or one or two on the end of their guns. ’Tis a saying of the soldiers, ‘They feed and care for us, stay by our side under fire and when wounded; and do not preach to us in words only but by kind deeds.’ They are just as high in their praises of the Red Cross. Where is your French teacher?”

“In the great salvage factory. It gives employment to lots of French women. Old shoes are made over

nearly as good as new. I know there are enough old shoes in the wardrobes of American homes to supply all the army, if they were over here to be redeemed. Mud-stained and bloodstained uniforms are run through some kind of solution to cleanse them from all 'Germans' as a child said once in speaking of germs. All are gone over and made fit to wear again."

"Say, I have a German helmet for you, a souvenir, one of those with a spike. I am getting up quite a collection."

Just as Maudrey was leaving, the surgeon passed by. After he had met him, the latter said,

"Your cousin is quite a favorite with the wounded, Mr. Legend. No one can care for them just as she does--reads and plays and sings for them; gives the convalescents paper dolls to cut out and toys to make for refugee children she knows. Sometimes when she is dressing their wounds, she has a convalescent reading to the whole ward."

"Make the doctor your best bow, cousin. That is quite a compliment."

"Even the orderlies bob about at her bidding as the attendants of a queen."

"Does the surgeon, too?" suggested Maudrey with a twinkle in his eyes.

"I would not doubt but that he does," chuckled the surgeon, and with a wave of his hand he was off down the ward.

Some time later, one dreary evening in the fall, Red Wing was waiting on the hospital grounds.

"Evangeline," said Maudrey, "it seems to me these dark, dismal nights in this lonesome place, with death staring you in the face, that God is a little absent-



mind about His night nurses. He may be enough in the daytime, but He sure needs His night nurses and to be with them too."

"Be careful, Maudrey, how you speak of the Almighty. What could I do without *Him* night or day? When it is necessary, I often am on duty in the day, especially a part."

"How is the lieutenant that they brought in here Thursday from the dressing station with his head completely covered with bandages? Is he dead?"

"No, but how he lives no one can understand. There are several cuts on his head, his eyes are temporarily or permanently blind from lachrymatory gases; only his mouth and nose are left out in dressing his head. I let another nurse help the surgeon dress his wounds, and I helped in her ward instead. One arm is broken and there are bruises all over him, but the worst is an H. E. ball has gone through his lungs on the left side, ranging in deep, and is lodged in the upper lobe of his lung just above the heart; too close for an operation. Poor man, he suffers so terribly. He is some mother's son and, no doubt, somebody's sweetheart as well. I have tried to soothe and lighten the pain of each soldier as I know their loved ones would for each beloved."

"That you have, cousin, and lucky the poor dog who is ministered unto by you."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these'—you know, Maudrey. Speaking of the lieutenant, it was all I could do to keep him on his cot last night. He raves of the battle, unconsciously of course, and of some one he calls 'Dearest.' He bleeds so it made me nearly faint to try to stanch the blood. All through the night, as soon as I would make him a little easy, he would say so gallantly and tenderly, 'Thank you, Dearest.'"

“The surgeon says there is no hope for him, but that makes me want to try the harder to ease him while life lasts. He has the most modulated, musical, beautiful voice. I can’t find the word to describe it. It is as if made patient and loving by suffering, like deep waters murmuring softly. Even his voice tells of refinement and culture, but dies as the roughest. I must go to him now, my time is up. The nurse who relieved me has to go back to her ward.”

“All right, goodnight. I’ll drop in early in the morning and be nurse while you sleep or go for some exercise. You look tired.”

“Oh! *do*, I will be so glad.”

All night long she sat by his cot. As day began to dawn, her patient talked unceasingly. She gently eased his position and arranged his bandages; as she did so, he said passionately,

“Wounded? Yes, I’m wounded to the death, but look—all over the battlefield they crawl to me to dress their wounds—to speak peace to their souls!” rising on his pillow. “See—yonder one in white comes walking to me. He says, ‘Let me dress yours.’ I answer, ‘Oh! no your *own* hands are wounded—bleeding. So are your feet and side. I need to dress *you*.’

“‘Wounds, you say?’ asked the one in white, and He bared His heart dripping red at every pore. ‘Comrade, you have already soothed mine in caring for my suffering, innocent ones.’

“Then I knew it was the Christ, Dearest, Christ in the trenches—the great Physician for body and soul. Has *your* heart dripped red, like mine, Dearest, from wounds, arrows?” and his voice became too weak even for a whisper, but with a last effort he held up his arm

on which was his wrist-watch, and dropped dead—went West as soldiers say. She tenderly placed him straight and folded his hands across his breast—free from pain at last. Then she wept as women weep.

A message must be sent to some one. There must be papers somewhere. Reverently she removed the watch and opened it. A picture fell out, face downward. On it was written a California address and the name—Leolaine Leigh—in the old familiar hand. Turning it over as in a dream she beheld her own image reflected from the picture. Written across it, “I have loved you always, and will love you forever.”

True to his promise Maudrey came just as the sun was up. All was as still as death in the ward. Venturing a little closer he saw Evangeline across the cot unconscious, the watch just under her hand, and the picture near to it.

When she came to herself, she was lying on an army-blanket under a little tree near the hospital, and Maudrey was bathing her face in cold water.

“Oh! Maudrey, have they buried him?”

“No, cousin, not yet.”

“Then let me go see him once more,” and she tried to rise.

“No, no, lie still, and if you are sure you will not swoon away again, I will go see for you, and return and take you to see him.”

After a little while he returned.

“Cousin, can you control yourself now perfectly?”

“I *think* I can, Maudrey.”

“Be right sure, for it’s going to take a lot of backbone to go in there again. Sit up a little bit and see how steady your head is; then I will help you to your feet. Think you are a whole woman again?”



“Yes, I can do very well.”

“Then I want to tell you something before you go. He is still breathing.”

“I *must* go then.”

“Calmly, cousin, the morphine died within him and left him completely exhausted. He may go West any minute.”

“But while there is any life, there is a *little* hope.”

“Let me take your arm and we will go in now. The surgeon found the picture just after I carried you out in the open air. He is very much interested, and said if we could keep him alive until he could get him to England to the king’s surgeon, there might be the slightest chance of life, but his eyes—”

“Oh! Is he blind? So beautiful once.”

“That is to be tested in a day or two, if he lives, when he is strong enough to have the bandages removed. He is not apt to see. Let us not hope too much. You must show yourself the best soldier around and help us pull him through if we can.”

For days Leon lay in a stupor, calling only for water now and then. He had never been conscious since he came to the hospital. His head had been knocked up so badly. Evangeline gave him every comfort and attention—devotion itself, but spoke not a word, for fear of her voice betraying her. He groaned in his sleep, such pitiful sounds, and tossed about, opening his wounds afresh.

“Has your heart dripped red, like mine, Dearest?” was ever the refrain in her brain as she stanching the crimson flow of his fleshly heart, and thought of the pain in his spirit one.



## CHAPTER XXX

"So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!"

"There's a call for you outside, nurse," said an orderly.

Evangeline found Maudrey waiting in a car with the engine running.

"Here is something for tomorrow when you remove the bandages from Leigh's eyes."

"Oh! hothouse roses! Where did you get them?"

"In Paris; just got back. Place them by his cot, except this red one in your hair, and the long stemmed one on your dress. The occasion deserves a little decoration, I thought. Why, you are in a new uniform today. Put your flowers on and let me see how they do. Fine! You can wear them today and tomorrow too."

"How fresh and sweet in a place like this! I will wear them so the patients can see and whiff their fragrance. Thank you so much. 'Twas thoughtful of you."

"Don't mention it."

"Can't you come in?"

"No, I'm on duty this afternoon. I'll be on hand tomorrow to keep you from toppling over. So long. Au revoir."

The flowers set Evangeline to thinking. She would gather up something for drapery and curtain off Leon's cot into a nice little room, and decorate it with flowers, pictures, and autumn leaves. She was busy at it when the surgeon came in.

“How is our patient, nurse?”

“Slept well and did not groan in the night.”

“And is still sleeping, I see. So much the better. Do not wake him for medicine. If he lives, he will owe his life to you and your devotion to him. ‘A stranger and ye took me in.’ Proved to be an angel unawares again, eh? In all your nursing I never knew you to faint before. He certainly did give you a shock. Thought you would never gain consciousness again. Do not set your heart too much on his not being blind. If he sees at all, it will be a miracle after all that gas in his eyes.”

For quite a while after the surgeon passed on Evangeline was happy at her work, hoping against hope for a little vision of her room on the morrow. Completed in every detail at last she sat down by the side of the cot to crush some tablets. Something caused her to look up presently—and with a smothered exclamation she dropped the powders, clutched at her throat with one hand, and with the other held to the cot for support. Her patient had pushed up the bandages from his eyes with his good arm—and was silently watching her, she knew not how long.

“I’m sorry I scared you, nurse,” he said in a weak, apologetical voice. “I could not help but hear what the doctor said and grew curious to know if I could see, too. I have been trying to find out, or think out, what brought me here and to prove to myself that what I see is real and not camouflage.”

“Do you *really* see?” and she felt of her forehead to find, if she could, whether she was dreaming or fainting; because the same soft brown eyes were before her. “I thank God, even if he can’t see, that they are not marred or disfigured in appearance,” she was thinking.

“What color is this rose?” she asked, to prove he could see and to find if he was conscious.

“Red, nurse, and so fragrant.”

“Does it tire you to talk?” and she felt she would faint in spite of herself.

“No.”

“I would not talk much; it might make your fever rise.”

“I gave one reason why I wanted to see. The other one was I heard a voice that I had not heard for years, and I wanted to convince myself, Mrs. Gill, that you were an overseas nurse. In what regiment is Captain Gill?”

“I do not know. I’m not Mrs. Gill,” and she arranged his bandages to hide her confusion.

“Your hands tremble so, nurse. Not Mrs. Gill, who used to be Miss Margaret Evangeline Lee of Leeland in old Virginia?” disappointedly.

“Miss Lee of Leeland, but *never* Mrs. Gill,” she almost whispered.

He was quiet a while, his great, wonderful eyes feasting upon her, collecting memories and sorting them out. Tiny cupids, flying on cardinals, seemed to be hurrying from the depths of his soul through the gateway of those eyes, fluttering about her head, shooting arrows into her heart, and burning her cheeks as they did so. She could not look into them, and began crushing another tablet, all the while praying to herself, “Father, I thank Thee for one more glimpse of the love-light in those eyes, even if he never rises from that cot.”

“Am I to believe it *has* been all these years, and is *still* Miss Lee?”

She nodded with her face near the rose.

“Neither have I ever married,” he added.

“Let me go see the surgeon if you may talk.”

“You need see no surgeon about my talking. I most assuredly am going to talk as long as I have breath—no impoliteness to you—but what other joy is there left me? Had I expressed myself years ago, there would have been less unhappiness. I was proud then. One gets humbled over here. Were you going to run away from me as you did in the long ago?” asked he passionately.

She sat down all in a tremble. To think how helpless he was! Tears filled her eyes, and a drop or two fell on the cot.

“There, there I’m sorry,” and with his good hand he took hers. Each could not speak for a while.

“In all the after years I stayed away because I thought you loved and married Captain Gill.”

“I read of your death way before the war,” gently.

“Mine? Let me see. Oh! my uncle in Hawaii who had the same name—and you never married!”

There was a long pause; then he said,

“What time is it? Please open my watch for me.”

She snatched a surprised glance at his face and opened it.

“Do you see who has been with me through thick and thin, and the message? Do me a favor—just one. Look into my eyes and see if they are injured.”

Evangeline had rather face any barrage on the whole Hindenburg line than the light in those eyes just then. She tried to look through the eyes of a nurse, but failed completely. Her lashes fell.

“God bless you, *Dearest*. I count all my wounds as nothing to be able to see what I read there; and death has no pangs now. *Dearest*, I love you with all my *soul*.



You *do* love me, do you not? Please let me hear you say it."

"I—love—you."

"Thank you," and he grasped the hand in his so very tightly.

She drew a locket from her bosom, opened it, and placed it beside the watch; his own picture looked out upon him, and written across it, "My Leolaine."

Tears filled her eyes. The rose on her bosom rose and fell like the tide of the ocean.

He drew her hand to his lips and kissed it over and over.

"Beautiful service hands to an old wreck of a body like mine."

"The dearer to me because of its wounds and suffering."

"Thank you, Dearest."

He took from his watch the pressed petal of a water-lily.

"That night on the lake at the house party my heart claimed you for its own, but I was too timid to ask, for fear of being denied. Just thought you wrote to me for politeness. There was always a sensitiveness on my part, that you did not deem me worthy of you, because you did not correspond with me when I first asked your leave. When you sent all my letters back and had treasured each tiny note, I began to have hope. Afterward I came with a message, but you kept me at a distance. As a last resort to know if I might venture, I called for 'That Old Sweetheart of Mine' from the Jap, so I might read your eyes, but you left the room."

"I left because you had told me one time that you did not want to falsely impress me; that you could never be more than a friend."

“I thought you loved the Bethany schoolmate when I saw him put an engagement ring on your finger; and you refused *my* company to go with him. I wanted to give you your freedom first, for I could not hear you tell me you loved *him*.”

“I could not break a promise to go with him when your note came after we had already started to the lecture, though in my heart I longed to go with *you*; and it was only the wedding-ring of my roommate, his bride-to-be, I was trying on. You had made no engagement to call upon me when you accompanied the Jap. You were only out in the interest of the church.”

“I was afraid you would refuse me if I asked to call, and I wanted to talk to you a long, long time. I could not write my love in a letter, for I had tried and torn up six or eight. Thought you would pardon my not writing when you knew the reason. I was sometimes sure you loved Captain Gill, that that was why you sent back the letters, and I wanted to come and find out before expressing my love. When you kept me at such a distance, I was sure of it. Decided it was unpleasant to you to have me near; therefore, stayed away, though I could not forget you. Foolish children, both of us. Each loved the other and was afraid to let it be known. We have paid dearly to find it out.”

“You are getting weak. Would it not be best to rest an hour or two and talk again?” pleadingly.

“There is nothing like the present. When I can’t live, do not deny me my vision and speech what time life is mine. I thank God for this hour; do not take it from me.”

“You will try to live for—for—my sake,” timidly.

“*Me?* This wreck? I was once a man. I *can not*

live. I am surgeon enough to know that. Could I live, I would never at best be but a helpless invalid. I would not burden you; I love you too much for that. To love each other what time I live is all I can hope for, and that is more than I ever expected for years now. I do so thank God for you. 'Way over seas here we meet.'

"You a burden? Does a mother ever think her helpless child a burden? Now that we know what we are to each other, I have been praying God to help us keep you until we can get you to England to the king's surgeon Tuesday night. The skill of the best shall be yours."

"'Love is stronger than death.' God alone knows the love of a good woman," and his eyes showed his gratitude, then filled with tears. "I'll do my best to be all the man I can again."

"Then won't you rest and sleep a little now?" said she, giving him his medicine, patting up his pillows, and making him as comfortable as she could. "I'll not leave you, but sit in the doorway and play the guitar until you go to sleep and dream you are on the lake."

"I just *can't* go to sleep for fear something happens and I can't tell you over and over I love you; but I'll rest from talking if you will play and sing, 'Till We Meet Again,' the one that has, 'Every tear will be a memory,' and 'The Rosary.' Then I can talk again, can't I, nurse?"

"I expect so," and she smiled.

Leon thought a sunbeam had suddenly burst in upon him.

"Thank you, Dearest."

He was working at the leather part of his watch-guard; he looked up smiling and said,

"Please get that out for me."

She took it out and gave it to him. It was a beautiful diamond ring.

"I brought that when I came with the Jap. May I put it on your finger?"

She held out her hand. He put it on and pressed it to his lips a moment, then released her hand.

"Thank you. I do not think I ever saw one prettier than this," and there was a beautiful light in Evangeline's eyes.

"I'll try to be quiet now a while," he said.

Presently from the doorway there floated through the walls of the ward, soft and low,

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,  
Are as a string of pearls to me.  
I count them o'er, each one apart,  
My rosary, my rosary."

When the singer tiptoed to Leon's cot later, he was sleeping.



## CHAPTER XXXI

“There is no shining without suffering.”

“Why, cousin, what has happened? There is a regular halo of brightness about your head,” exclaimed Maudrey on his arrival next day. “What’s that on your finger?”

She told him the news. “He woke up in the night again and talked a long time; went to sleep at one and slept well. I believe he is awake now.”

“Hello, Leigh. They tell me you have been spying on them. Use your optics on me and see if you recognize an old acquaintance,” said Maudrey, a little in advance of Evangeline and the surgeon.

“Why, yes, I do, Legend, though you look different in the garb of an aviator. How is it the Hun has let you go so long?”

“They used all their ammunition on you.”

“Bring the medicine-case, nurse, and we will dress his head, and I will get your cousin to help me with his side. His temperature is fine,” said the surgeon.

“How’s his heart?” asked Maudrey with a wink at the doctor and a side glance, first at Leigh, then at Evangeline. The latter blushed, and the former said with a smile,

“Much better, thank you.”

“I know it, old fellow, for I’ve been all along the line. Muriel and I are in the same box, are we not, cousin?”

“Yes.”

“Congratulations, Legend. Is she over here?”

“No, but I wish she was. I can’t get wounded until she gets here to pet and doctor me. She is a nurse, too,” informed the young man significantly. “How is it, Leigh, you were a minister, yet you wear a surgeon’s—a lieutenant’s—uniform, and have the wounds of a private soldier?”

“I was a minister, studied medicine to become a foreign missionary, and came to France as a doctor to soul and body. The body came first here, as the Huns were filling it full of wounds. While I cared for the wounded in little dressing stations close to the firing-line, with shot and shell flying all about me, I heard the soldiers criticize the Y. M. C. A. workers and ministers because they stayed ’way off from danger, drinking tea in swell joints, riding in expensive autos, and having comfortable billets in war time. They did not like their preaching.

“When I saw my comrades come back wounded from that Calvary of the trenches and again facing it with so much courage and unselfishness, I decided that the most eloquent sermon that I could deliver would seem little compared to service side by side with them and a well-chosen word for their souls.

“I was first wounded in one of the biggest battles of the war, September 29. The cannister of my gas-mask saved my life. While I attended the wounded in a little dressing station, I was hurt by a large piece of shrapnel knocking me down and bruising my right chest. The Major came up and said I was too weak to be up front that day and I should go to the rear. I did not go, for while we talked, the Boches poured onto us and it was fight, be killed, or captured. I’d rather be dead than in Boche hands. Soon the command was given,

“‘Over the top! Charge bayonet, double time!’ and with that yelling bunch I went. I had not gone far until a Captain, one of my best friends, fell, as well as hundreds of other friends. I soon forgot my profession and turned to be a soldier. We covered the ground for six and one half miles with dead Boches, and went far beyond our objective, releasing several towns. I did things that day, as it came to hand-to-hand fighting, that I never dreamed I could do; nor ever want to be pressed to do again. The Cambrai-St. Quentin tunnel held one hundred thousand reserves. We took it, some over the top with tanks and air-planes, and some through it.”

“Leigh, I was in one of the planes,” exclaimed Maudrey, “and there is quite a town on top over the tunnel.”

“Yes, Hindenburg himself went up through a secret passage into a church on top and got away. We found one room in the tunnel where the Germans were cutting up their dead and rendering them into fats and glycerine. Would never have believed it, if I had not seen it with my own eyes, as did thousands of others; and, too, the movie-men were taking pictures of it.

“From there we were sent to another front for another rush. The fighting was terrible, and the wounded kept pouring in. About four in the afternoon the machine-gun bullets fell around me like hail. We looked everywhere, but could not tell the direction from which they were coming until Major Morris of R. A. M. C. spied an airplane above and told me to put my glasses upon it. I immediately saw a black cross and knew it was an enemy plane. While I watched its movements, I fell seriously wounded, A high explosive shell exploded at my feet from the plane directing German

artillery fire. The Major's head was blown off completely, three more blown up and killed, and ten of us seriously wounded. I never will forget the sight if I live a million years. That is where the H. E. ball hit me in the left side, ranging in deep, and lodging in the upper lobe of the lung just above my heart. Here I was hit by large pieces of spent shrapnel that did this other work on my body. I had barely enough sense left to crawl into a hole out of the fire sweeping the ground. My sergeant ran to me and held me in a sitting position, as I could not breathe lying down. He held me with his left hand and operated the captured Boche machine-gun with his right hand. I cannot remember it, but they told me that before fainting I raised directly up and emptied my pistol at the Boches as they started at us over the top. Two of my men then dragged me into a shell-hole out of direct fire, but they made it so hot for us that they crawled and dragged me into a deeper hole better protected. I soon came to, but was perfectly helpless, as my left arm and side were limp, and before I could get a new cannister for my mask, was gassed. I could not be carried off the field until it let up a little. When the barrage began to lift, four stretcher-bearers started with me to the rear. I had been carried but a very short distance when the bunch yelled out at me,

“‘We'll make the Boche pay dear for your wounds, Lieutenant!’ and with that they went over the top like a machine. I have never seen bayonets shine in the sun as theirs did. I told the bearers to stop and lift me up, for, honestly, I thought it would be the last charge I would see on this earth. I was sure I was dying then. Our men fought like demons, and I soon saw the shining bayonets painted a bright red with the blood of the



Boches falling everywhere. I again fell unconscious and when I came to, was in a culvert under a road, where I was carried out of the artillery fire, as it had opened up again. I thought I would freeze and bleed to death waiting for dark to come so I could be carried to an ambulance. When real dark, I was put in one and started for the main dressing-station thirty miles in the rear. I thought the jar would kill me, as I was suffering so. There they bound my head and dressed my wounds, and I knew no more until I awoke here, as you know. I suppose they sent me to this hospital."

"They certainly used you for a target, Leigh. You have some nerve, I must say. Does it not tire you and pain you to talk?" asked Maudrey.

"I can't tell the pain is any more, and it does not tire me so very much; but to move my body, or certain positions I get into, I suffer so I get right sick and nearly faint."

"The dressings for his side are all ready, doctor."

"Thank you, nurse, we will excuse you now."

When they were through and Leon had rested a while, he said,

"May I speak one minute alone with you, Legend?"

"Certainly, old boy."

"Where is the nearest chaplain?"

"Over at a Y. M. C. A. dugout toward La Fère."

"Would it be asking too much for you to bring him tomorrow night and be present and witness our wedding?"

"By all means I'll sail him over. It has never been the custom for a bridegroom to marry in his pajamas, Leigh, even though the pink and blue ones we just have put on you are pretty enough. What shall I bring you for a wedding suit?"

A smile played over the bridegroom's features, then faded.

"What could I wear, chained to this cot? My uniform is matted with blood. You can't imagine how it humiliates me to tie your cousin to a wreck like I am—a dying man."

"Never mind, old fellow, I've known for years she loved you, but she would never let me hint it; yet it ate deep into her heart. You are a lucky man for such a woman's love, Leigh."

"I *know* it. God knows how I would love to live and be a half a man again when life is so sweet. I want to get married and want her to be my own for even an hour. She wants to wear my name, and I want it so that when I die, which I will do in a few days, my wife will have what I have earned with my life's blood. Here are all my papers. Please see to them for me and for her."

"It will be a pleasure for me to carry out your wishes. I'll find a lieutenant's new uniform for your wedding suit it I have to *lay* it upon you."

"Has the cut in my cheek healed enough for you to shave me?"

"I think it has; can shave to it and around it anyway. I'll bring my shaving outfit tomorrow and come in time to do it."

"Thank you."

"Is there anything else?"

"No, thank you."

## CHAPTER XXXII

“Leave no tender word unsaid—  
Love while love shall last.  
The mill cannot grind  
With the water that is past.”

The whole ward was decorated for the wedding. Some of the curtains around Leigh's cot were removed so that the patients might see. The bride had her wedding-dress ready, the dress she had had made to wear as maid of honor at Maudrey's marriage. A little wedding march was to be played by one of the orderlies as Maudrey brought Evangeline in and seated her by Leon's cot. She had not been in the ward much that morning so that Leon would rest before they began to get him ready.

'Twas time for Maudrey. She went to the doorway and looked up into the bright blue heaven. Not a great way off a plane was coming, so she went to get warm water for the shave; then she was to dress while he fitted out Leon, and let him rest a bit afterward. Accompanying the distinctly whirring sound of the plane there was an explosion, another, and another, then a crash.

“Oh! heavens!”

It dawned upon her that the hospital was being bombed. She rushed to the wheel-chair, threw it into reclining position, and with the help of two orderlies and some convalescents she lifted Leon, mattress and all, on to the chair and piled him with blankets. Leaving directions for the other helpless ones to be cared for, and with nerves at the highest pitch she wheeled him into a dugout some distance from the hospital. The jar was all he could stand, but there was no remedy.

“Can I make you more comfortable in any way?” she said.

“My head a little higher, please, and a pillow under my side. There, that will do. Are you going to leave me now?”

“No, I’m going to stay with you. I can’t get back to the hospital anyway; our whole wing is gone,” and from the dugout door, through her field-glasses, she searched the blue above.

“I see two enemy planes and a third plane coming toward them. ’Tis Red Wing. Maudrey is drawing their attention to save the hospital. There’s a fight in the air, looping and turning and curving—one is going down in flames; but it is not Red Wing. Bravo, Maudrey! He has put the other to flight; but Red Wing acts queerly—poor thing! She is crippled, half flying, half falling!” Evangeline ran forward as if to catch Maudrey in her arms. There was the crashing of timber as his plane caught in a tree, and he and the chaplain were held between the motor and the body of the tree in a bad wreck. The firing from the German plane began again; it had returned.

A shell exploded, finishing the rest of Red Wing and blowing the chaplain into the air, while Maudrey was freed and fell heavily to the ground.

How Evangeline got to the hospital and back with a stretcher and four convalescents no one ever knew. They placed Maudrey upon it and were on their way to the dugout when another shell exploded, not a great distance off, and knocked down stretcher-bearers and all, nor did a one of them move again. Leon called and called, but no answer came. He tried to rise and could not; with a sick dizziness of pain he fell back. In despair he repeated



their names, but to no avail. He could just see Evangeline—laying so white and still with her hair unbound and floating in the breeze all about her. There was a whir in the air, and he was afraid to look; but he *did* look and saw White Wings, the carrier-pigeon, light on Evangeline's shoulder and walk up and down her body, but there was no sign of life. He whistled to the carrier as he had heard her do. It came and lit on his chair.

“Oh! for a bit of scrap paper as big as my thumb, and a tiny pencil—my kingdom for it!”

He thought and thought while he held the bird fast. Finally he got his watch open, and tore off the bottom of her picture—his altar shrine for years; held the pigeon's wing close, so it would not hurt, and with his teeth pulled a feather from its wing. Then he dipped the feather in the blood from his own side, and wrote for help, fastening it to the pigeon's leg with a string from the bandage on his arm; he sent it forth. The bombing had ceased.

After, it seemed, years of waiting the carrier returned, and tried to get into her basket on Evangeline's shoulder.

Leon sick at heart and in body whistled to it and it came again to him. His note was gone, but no note in return. When hope of assistance was dead, he heard something coming, rumbling, and not long after could see an ambulance in the distance:

“What can we do for you?” asked one of the orderlies as they drew near.

“See if any are alive in that group yonder.”

“The chaplain's dead, so are the stretcher-bearers. The aviator is woefully mangled, but I believe he breathes. There is blood all over the nurse's white

uniform, and an arm is broken I'm sure. She looks like an angel and I believe she *is* one, for I see no signs of life. What a pretty nurse she is!"

"The aviator was bringing the chaplain to marry the nurse and me. Please carry her and the aviator here to me and bathe each face in cold water and bind up their wounds. You will find bandages and remedies in the nurse's case here."

The orderlies spread an army blanket near Leigh and on it placed the two. How he did long to be able to minister to her with his own hands, but the orderly that did care for her was a nice young fellow and did all he could. All at once Leon saw him lean his ear to her mouth, then put his hand over her heart.

"Say, bridegroom, there is a small heart-beat. What must I give her?" exclaimed the orderly.

"Here! a hypodermic!"

When it had been given, he told the orderly of the train on which the surgeon had planned to send him to the coast to make connection with the hospital-ship bound for England that night.

"Get your ambulance ready and take us all three. We will have to hurry to make it."

When real dark, with lights out, the ship started, expecting a "sub" any minute, though the passengers cared very little, as they were nearly dead anyway, and some knew nothing of it at all.

It arrived at nine the next night, and on its way back, a "sub" destroyed the ship and all its crew and nurses. Such is fate. But the helpless ones it had landed into England got every attention possible. Since ladies were not allowed in the king's hospital, Princess Mary, who spent a great deal of her time there, had a temporary

room arranged on a wing near the nurses' rooms for Evangeline, whose left arm was broken between elbow and wrist and her ankle sprained; but the worst for her was the shock. Soon as her arm began to heal, she took the "flu," and came very near having fever.

Maudrey was unconscious three days. His skull was fractured in one place and the bone bearing on the brain; when that was relieved, he began to know. One hand was crushed badly and one leg broken, and he was bruised all over.

Leigh had no new wounds and needed none, for his case was beyond any surgeon, even the king's.

Legend's and Leigh's cots were side by side and they were ever sending flowers and messages to Evangeline.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

"Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead!  
The fight that ye so bravely led,  
We've taken up, and we will keep  
True faith with ye who lie asleep.  
Think not that ye have died for naught.  
The torch ye threw to us we caught.  
Ten million hands will hold it high  
And freedom's light shall never die.  
So rest in peace while poppies blow  
In Flanders fields."

One day, a month after they came to England, the two were surprised to see Evangeline walking down the aisle of their ward with her arm in a sling.

"How pale she is," said Maudrey.

"I'm so glad to see you up again," and Leigh's eyes were like morning stars. "How are you?"

"My arm gives me a little trouble yet, but I'm happy it's no worse. I'm weak, but doing very nicely, thank you," and she sat between their cots on a chair a nurse brought her. "How are you, Maudrey?"

"Well, one leg is shorter by an inch or so than the other; but I am delighted that Leigh and I do not have to hear the thump, thump of wooden legs the rest of our lives. Am minus three fingers—they would have taken my whole hand off if Leigh had not told them how to treat it. Am glad again no icy machine arm will encircle the ladies when I dance with them, and while one eye will never see as good as the other, no glass eye will be scaring my wife to death on some dresser or table. Hate most of all the loss of my Red Wing."

"You are as comforting as 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cab-



bage Patch,''' said she, straightening the covers on him and patting up Leon's pillows.

''What does the doctor say of you?''

''As surgeon to surgeon, he told me he would not deceive me, that I would have to wear my souvenir of the Hun the rest of my life, as it was too near my heart for an operation; being above my heart it may eat into it any way. He wants me to go to some Southern resort in France and recuperate; then if some United States surgeon will do the deed, I could try there when I am stronger. I would love to go to Switzerland, but it's too high. The doctor said my lungs would bleed, and in low latitudes I would have to be careful of myself for a year on that account. My left shoulder is two inches lower than the other, due to my giving in to the pain.''

''No better soldier for standing pain I ever knew, or ever will know. You are a wonder to gain the place you have,''' said Evangeline gallantly.

''I think I'm not mistaken in my French doctor saying that if I ever lived, I owed my life to a certain Red Cross nurse,''' answered Leon, though his eyes tendered the gratitude he felt. ''Also the dugout she took me to when the hospital was bombed, and the prayers she offered in my behalf. 'Twas through her, too, I gained the care of the king's surgeon, who is fine, but his son, the younger doctor I like better. He recommends Nice, one of the southern towns of France, along the Riviera, for me to spend the winter. Leaving all these fogs and snows behind, he says I can sit outside all the time in the warm sunshine under a bright blue sky with clear air. I can get rooms where I can lie in bed and look out on the beach and the sea, and see guests bathing in the blue waters, and still farther on in the

distance the Alps covered with snow. The pure sea air, laden with the fragrance of orange blossoms and other flowers, is fine to heal lungs, he says, and all nations of Europe gather there to find health and amuse themselves."

"Fine place for honeymoons," said Maudrey significantly. "You two will *surely* wait for me until Muriel gets here. Let's have a double wedding. Don't leave a poor fellow out in the cold. She ought to be half way here now from her cablegram."

"We will try not to be so impolite, if you will hurry up the ship," responded Leigh. "We owe him something for letting him get wounded, and the loss of Red Wing, trying to get us married, do we not,—?"

"Say it. Finish it up. I know it was 'Dearest' and a pretty name for cousin. Do not mind me. Guess I'll call Muriel 'sweetheart,' 'yellow-top' or 'Goldilocks.' It will never do to have two 'dearests.' Since her mother's death do you suppose she will dress in black, cousin? I wanted a white wedding."

"No, she is going to wear white for mourning she wrote me."

For three afternoons Evangeline read to the two, and they were allowed to sit up in bed. Her engagement with them Sunday was not till two o'clock, so, wrapped in her big army cape, she took White Wings out to enjoy the open air. 'Twas her first trip outside since she came to England. Presently a nurse called to her and said she had two visitors. She entered the ward where the alcove was.

There stood two soldiers saluting. One, in American uniform, with his arm in a sling and a tiny bandage around his head, was leaning against a reclining chair.

The other one, in Australian uniform, stood more erect and had a scar on his forehead. Both were smiling.

“How do we pass, cousin? I feel like a country lad who went in swimming and some one stole his clothes. My own uniform is torn into rags. I had to appear in a comrade’s rig, and I do not feel at home. Lieutenant Leon Leigh was more fortunate in having the wedding suit I brought him,” with a flourish of his hand toward the latter.

She stood looking with surprise and joy first at one, then the other, from head to foot. Finally her eyes rested on Leigh alone, and they were touched by a love-light there was no mistaking, while from his own long-lashed lids answered back an adoring caress.

“What shall I read to you this afternoon?”

“Nothing at all. There’s going to be a communion service, all to your lonesomes, in this quiet alcove the rest of this afternoon. I’ve been ‘Three’s a crowd’ long enough. They won’t let Leigh out yet, but I go for my first trip downtown in a car. Perhaps I’ll find when my ship comes in. So long,” and he hobbled away.

Evangeline helped Leon into his chair. He slid slowly and carefully into it; and half reclined and half sat up.

“Thank you. ’Tis more quiet than the day the armistice was signed. London certainly went wild that day. When I woke up, they were yelling everywhere the news. I thought your cousin would dance on one foot, and I was just as happy. Bring your chair opposite and we will enjoy the hours together.”

Once, leaning back, she clasped her hands behind her head, and looked away into the blue sky, dreaming.

“What is it, Dearest?” after he had been silently watching her for quite a while.

“I was just thinking of the victorious American troops soon going home, and how much I would love to see my cardinals in the pines at home, at Leeland in old Virginia—see them flash in and out like rockets of scarlet, calling, ‘Peace—Peace—Peace!’ I never half knew *then* what their call meant, but I do now. So do thousands. It seems that there is nothing sweeter than that—the homely toil of the farmer in the clear morning air, singing and talking to Mr. Hoptoad as he turns the fresh furrows with his plow-point. The bees hum, children sing, nobody is afraid. Over it all the cardinal flits so delightedly with ‘Peace—Peace—Peace.’ And I was also thinking of Mammy when she said, ‘Honey, may yo’ nebbah lib tuh see uh wah.’” She never said that she was thinking too, “‘He come sum day an’ not on’y hes eyes but hes mouf will ’spressify hes lub, bof made puffec’ tru suffahin’.”

“Are you homesick, Dearest? Do you long for Virginia so much that you will not enjoy our winter in Southern France?” anxiously.

“Oh! no, I’m looking forward with great pleasure to our visit in that beautiful place, where you can get strong again. That’s—our—our—” she paused over the last words, but he uttered them with a depth of feeling,

“Our long delayed bridal-trip—honeymoon, as your cousin would say. God grant that we realize it.”



## CHAPTER XXXIV

“But deep in a walled-up woman’s heart—  
Of woman that would not yield,  
But bravely, silently bore her part—  
Lo! there is that battlefield!

“Oh! spotless woman in a world of shame,  
With splendid and silent scorn,  
Go back to God as white as you came,  
The kingliest warrior born.”

Legend and Leigh had about two hours to wait for Evangeline. Then all three were going sight-seeing in London and out. The two were trying to entertain themselves until she came.

“Oh! boy, to be at home again in Virginia, with our wives on the lake at twilight, and eat our suppers there.”

“Don’t, Legend, you will make me homesick myself. That brings up another subject. I’ve been wondering how I could best serve my country when I go back. We have learned here that life is service. I could still doctor in a hospital and my wife (proudly) assist me in nursing. Do you think she would like that?”

“Why, Evangeline will do whatever *you* like.”

“No, I mean what would she love best?”

“To tell you, candidly, she is quite a home body, and nothing will please her more than to be queen of Leeland in good, old-fashioned, Southern home-life in Virginia.”

“That is sweet to me, Legend; but to be so happy and not do more for others makes me feel selfish. Of course I can preach; though my sermons will be different from what they used to be. I have a note-book full that I have outlined while in bed. I can own a car and visit and

doctor the sick; and be a clean citizen helping my neighborhood, giving the young folks entertainments, having 'Boy Scout' and 'Camp-Fire Girl's' clubs with a string band for the girls and a brass band for the boys. When they can have splendid, good times in a clean way, they are not apt to go wrong."

"What are you going to do about 'booze' and women? You know the soldier does not like for you to refer to that subject."

"The worst sinner knows what he ought to be, and all respect good women. They regarded the appeal their officers made 'to keep fighting fit' and loyal to their comrades; also the appeal for their souls from brave men who were at their elbow when they went over the top and suffered with them. It seems unfair to our nation for Uncle Sam to require cleanliness of life for just the good and strength he could get out of us to win the war, then when we return, pretend to be asleep while immoral living undermines the strength and health of wives and little children, and therefore, the future American army, when they could be fine specimens of manhood, to say nothing of the prosperity and example of our nation in times of peace.

"As for women who are not what they ought to be, I can't believe, with so many, that we should bring them into church and society to save. Their minds are not in the attitude to receive instruction or help. It will not do to put a rotten apple among good ones to save it. They belong to an institution—one like a convent, with beautiful walls and pictures, beautiful grounds, and sweet music, there trained by some kind motherly teacher with a heart full of love. There is where I would want a sister of mine to go. Some will be redeemed, others

stay on like convicts, sentenced for life. Great factories could be run by the women like the latter, and be some use to the world; at least kept from harming others. But the factory must be run by women alone. Christ did not say to the woman, 'Go free into society as you are,' but 'Go and sin no more.' I was eager for women to vote, thinking only of the good ones; then the truth dawned that there must be about two thirds of the other kind."

"You do not think much of the fair ones then?"

"Yes, I do. 'The good ones are the sweetest creatures the Lord ever created, and the other kind are Satan's own subjects.'"

"I heartily agree with you, and as to intoxicants, thanks to Evangeline, I am a teetotaler. When we were children and read together Miss Alcott's 'Eight Cousins,' Prince Charming's weakness for wine made a deep impression on me. He was disgraced and degraded in my eyes; and tears were in Evangeline's. He had been her hero until that happened.

"'Oh! Maudrey, promise me you will never take *one* drop when you grow big; then you never can be overcome,' she begged and I promised.

"I never will forget my disgust at a banquet and fashionable dance in Washington given for the best, when a pretty society girl kept leaning so heavily upon my arm that I looked down and would not let myself believe what I thought—drunk. I took her to the open air, and my thoughts were confirmed. Champagne poured from that pretty mouth the same as the worst sot in the gutter. Oh! boy, you would not believe it was among the women in what is called the best society. It used to be moonshine stills in the mountains, now it's baby moonshine stills in bathrooms, basements, and club-

rooms of the wealthy, middle-class, and lower. I tell you, Leigh, it will bring our 'Land of Liberty' to the dogs.

"The thing for us to do is to work for good, clean officers in our community, and then stand behind them. Why, what are called the best citizens are two-faced rascals that need to be in the convict gang, and made work when they get there. They bribe the officers, so the sot can still make it under their coat-tails, and boot-leg it too, sharing in the profit. I like to be law-abiding, but when our taxes (heavy, too) go to paying officers and court officials to enforce laws, and they are bribed on top of that and do nothing but protect the outlaw, then I am very much in favor of the Klu Klux Klan again to clean up the neighborhood. The United States is a great big place, but when each town and community cleans up, 'twill be nation wide."

"Hasten the day, Klu Klux or *something*."

"Uncle Sam will be bothered with socialism, too, I guess," said Maudrey. "I never think of that, but that I think of two darkies who are twin brothers; one had plenty, the other nothing. Their preacher persuaded them that each one's wife ought to have as good clothes as the other, so the well-to-do brother sold what he had and divided until each had the same. A year or two later the parson came back to visit. The one who had had plenty had invested his half well, and saved until he had a good home again. The other had come to poverty.

"See heah, bruddah, yo' 'vide agin."

"No, *sah*, me an' muh wife wo' patched clo's an' eat bread an' watah neahly, soz we could have uh big house. Bill 'low hes big ez me an' hes ole 'oman weahin' jes'



bettah clo's an' mine, an' he don't aim tuh wuk no mo'. He *hain't* nuthah. Jes' throw hes money right an' lef' fo' dopes an' stuff. Dah hain't gwina be no 'vide, lessen yo' pet ah poleese obah 'im tuh *make* 'im wuk; an' den make 'im spen' hit right w'en he gits hit made.'"

"I agree with the brother and not the parson. For if the lazy brothers bribe the officers, as they do in regard to intoxicants, to let them go free and not enforce the law on them to do their part of honest work, how are the energetic going to keep up their own homes and those of the lazy parasites that want a divide made to save their own lazy bones while they loll about? Paul said that those that did not work could not eat."

"I remember something, too, that will please Evangeline."

"Then tell me."

"She wants a little industrial school near Leeland, where she can be queen of her own home and see after and help in the school too, with your aid also."

"How did you find that out?"

"She often talked of it before the war, and told me, if she ever married, that was what she wanted to do. Just ask her when you get down at Nice this winter and she will tell you all about it. She wants to pick some of the most worthy mountain children, slum children, and even a few French ones for it. She has a plan to have the children support themselves in raising for market and for their own canning factory all kinds of fruits, berries, vegetables, and tomatoes on the farm at Leeland. She also plans for them to have large poultry farms in rough places, and dairies, besides their other training. She has one French teacher already engaged."

"I certainly am interested in that and we will plan it all out this winter. All this a crippled war-man like

me can do, when I thought, at first, I could do nothing. Am not near as bad as Esther's father—the cripple in Ben Hur. He could not move out of his chair, yet he kept the sea lively with ships coming and going. There is beauty in our lives if we let the Master Hand extricate the diamonds from the flesh dross. This generally requires fire—trials."

"Well, there has been enough fire in this war to burn every bit of meat off of our bones. There ought to be some gold *somewhere*."

"How much Irish is there in your make-up?"

They both laughed.

"Do you remember the old mansion next to aunt Virginia's? I own that now. Going to be your nearest neighbor."

"Good! We'll make fine neighbors—together on religion, politics, temperance, etc."

"Well, while I was in bed, I built my bungalow and fitted it out several times in my day-dreams. Why, I could almost

"Hear beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,  
The voices of my children, and the mother as she  
sings."

"Why, Legend!"

"Sure. You did not know that I have a wagonload of dolls and other toys in the garret at Leeland, put away with Evangeline's, for my kids. I have the place studied out where their Christmas trees are to stand. And I tell you *right* now, they are going to be mighty disappointed if no little cousins from Leeland join in their circle around the tree."

"Well, you're the limit!"

“No, *sir*. Don’t *you* ever have any dreams like that?”

“No, ‘my truant fancy’ has never gotten any farther than ‘That Old Sweetheart of Mine.’ If I ever get a minister to give her to me to be my very own, my one dream will come true. But, Legend, our honeymoon shall last as long as we live; not like so many, last a few months until bread-making time comes. Then husband is too busy to give the hungry soul of his little wife, who has her cares too, a kiss and a fond word. Showered with kisses before, she now feels he loves money and a home more than her, and too often true. Women like my wife-to-be, if fed on *true* love and devotion, will suffer and even die for the one she loves. We shall have happy companionship together. Do not ask me too much of the future. For my own part, I would be in ecstasy should your dream for us both come to pass.”

“Both our wives-to-be, I’m glad to say, are the Madonna type—Oh! boy, there comes cousin!”

“Sorry I’m late,” she said pleasantly. “How have you amused yourselves?”

“Do you remember, one time a year or two ago, about me telling you how nice it would be for Leigh and me to discuss politics while you and Muriel were busy at your fancywork?”

“Yes, I remember,” reluctantly.

“Well, we’ve practiced a few rounds on that and kindred subjects; and we agree so far.”

“Would you mind telling it over to me?”

“No, Shakespeare never repeats. Does he, Leigh?” with a teasing look at the latter.

“I think not, just now,” and a dry smile played over his lips, as he gave Maudrey a warning glance.



“He is going to be my family physician, Bethany’s pastor, and teacher of the Bible class in Sunday school. I’ll try to head the agricultural department and help in many ways with the young folks’ clubs. We are going to do our best to be model citizens. I may have to be captain of a Klu Klux Klan. Will you make the white uniforms?”

“Yes, with all my heart.”

Leigh felt relieved that Maudrey was through, for the postman’s ring sounded just then and the latter went to the door for the day’s paper. Looking over the headlines he exclaimed,

“Somebody from my home-town is in France! Listen while I read,

“‘President Wilson landed in France at 3:24 Friday afternoon amid such demonstrations of enthusiasm as has never been accorded the head of a foreign government—the first entry of an American president into personal contact with Europe. His arrival in the harbor was the culmination of an imposing naval spectacle, which began as the presidential fleet entered the outer capes and moved majestically into the harbor, where the George Washington anchored at the head of a long double column of American dreadnaughts and destroyers and the units of a French cruiser squadron. Vast crowds watched the trip ashore, and the fleets of warships roared a salute as the last stage of the journey was finished. As the boat touched the pier, the French and American guards of honor presented arms, and the strains of “The Star Spangled Banner” mingled with the cheers of the great multitude. Mrs. Wilson came up the gangway with Gen. Pershing. As she passed the American



nurses, they handed her an American flag, which she bore proudly with her large bouquet. Stephen Pinchon, French foreign minister, and George Leygues, minister of marine, joined the President as he stepped ashore, and conducted him to a beautiful decorated pavilion.

“‘Here the first formal welcome was given him as guest of the French nation. His arrival at the capital was greeted with a salvo of artillery in salute, and dense throngs hailed his coming with volleys of cheering.’

“‘Hurrah! for President Wilson! I want him to help the rulers over here get things arranged, so it will be a mighty long time before we have to cross that pond again to settle these Germans,’” added Maudrey. “‘There’s nothing the matter with President Wilson, except that he is several years ahead of his age.’”

’Twas Leigh’s third trip out in a car. They were standing on one of England’s green rolling hills, looking away over the bay to valleys and hills beyond.

“‘Legend,’” said Leon all at once. “‘I’m sick. Fix me a place to lie down.’”

With Evangeline’s aid Maudrey soon had the cushions and lap-robe of the car into a comfortable resting place. She dampened a handkerchief and tied it around his forehead, and with another bathed his face.

“‘Are you in pain, Leigh?’” asked Maudrey, seeing he was so white.

“‘Not much, just deathly sick,’” and he began spitting up quite a lot of blood.

“‘Put his head high, Maudrey, and mix some salt from the lunch in cold water for him to drink,’” and her hands trembled as she wiped the blood from his mouth. He looked lovingly into her eyes and pressed one of her hands gently.

But with all they did, the blood still flowed freer and freer. Evangeline was nearly as white as he was, for he fainted then and there. While they worked with him, Maudrey kept an eye on her. Finally he said,

“What did Leigh say about the surgeon saying he would have to keep out of high altitudes? Maybe that’s it, but I do not think this is high.”

“Yes, sir, but it *is*,” spoke up the chauffeur.

“Here then, man, help us get him down to that little grove by the stream.”

Bringing the car up close they lifted him in, and down by the brook under a tree they lifted him out again. After a bit, as they still bathed his face, the flow got less and less and he was saying,

“I’m—no—baby. I could not—help—it.”

“Never you mind,” said Maudrey. “We ought to have known better than take you to that high place. We are both so sorry.”

“We certainly are.”

“You—did—not know. My—surgeon—knows—best,” and he pressed her hand again.

“Do not talk, but rest a long time and sleep if you can, so you can stand the ride home. We have sent the chauffeur for the ambulance.”

It came after a few hours and with it the young surgeon, who examined Leon when he awoke and asked him a number of questions before he would start home with him. And there never were nicer comforts in an ambulance than in the one in which he rode to the hospital again.

## CHAPTER XXXV

“And we should be so happy  
That when either’s lips were dumb,  
They would not smile in Heaven  
Till the other’s kiss had come.”

Merry chimes from one of the most beautiful cathedrals of Paris rang on the still night air; and its windows were ablaze with light.

“There’s to be a double wedding there tonight,” said a passerby, “an American lieutenant and an aviator. Quite a swell affair—Foch, Pershing, Haig, and so on, among the guests; also any soldier who wants to come, until the house is full. In one room of the basement there is a table of wedding-presents from soldiers of all the allied nations. Two of the handsomest bridal-chambers in Paris are engaged for the couples tonight, and tomorrow they go south.”

The last few days had been glorious ones for the bridegrooms and brides-to-be. First, when they again stepped upon French soil from a British liner, an American ship came into harbor, bringing Muriel, much to Maudrey’s delight, who announced that four was not a crowd. Then came trips over the battlefields with their visitor, and Maudrey had to take her a flight in an airplane.

But the greatest day for all was when their little group was seated in a grandstand on the parade-ground while the band played. Afterward speeches were made, recounting their deeds; then General Pershing placed upon each of the three a Distinguished Service Cross, followed by King George with the British pin for Leon

alone. Neither was the carrier pigeon forgotten, but bore around its neck the cross as proudly as any of them.

In one of the great hotels, the night of the wedding, the porters vied with each other in being chief valet for the bridegrooms. After much debating, they wore dress-suits of elegant material, conventional black, with a tuberoses in each buttonhole and white gloves.

"We have been Cinderella in the ashes long enough. 'Tis time for Cinderella at the party. I used to think you and I would have to go to our wedding in wheel chairs; but I tell you, Leigh, you look splendid!"

"Same to you, Legend. No one, except our brides, will ever notice what we wear. Everyone's eyes will be upon them. At Nice I engaged a bedroom for you and one for me, with a sitting-room between for both. All three overlook the beach."

"Good! I'll stay a month anyway. I want Muriel to have a nice bridal-trip. We will visit Switzerland and other places and then go home to see to the building of our bungalow. We will be quite at home when you and Evangeline get back after the winter is over."

There was a knock on the door. A porter entered and delivered two boxes that Muriel had brought from home.

"Oh! boy! See here, Leigh, what father has sent us—pale blue and pink silk pajamas, three pairs each. I bet Muriel did not know what was in this box. Holy smoke! Elegant dressing-gowns and bedroom slippers for both. When wee wifies are lounging in kimonos with the latest magazine, we can strut in handsome dressing-gowns and slippers. Forgotten, oh ye trenches!"

Meanwhile Muriel and Evangeline were unfolding beautiful bridal dresses of white satin with silver mesh-



work shimmering in the light all over them. Then lovely blue and pink silk slumber-robcs, all laces and ribbons, also kimonos with slippers to match. They had been packed in delicious perfumes so long that the room was filled with the fragrance? But the loveliest of all were the bridal-veils from Paris, on crowns studded with orange-blossoms; they came with the shower-bouquets the bridegrooms had sent up.

“If your heart’s any farther up in your mouth than mine is, you’ll get rid of that piece of shrapnel yet,” said Maudrey, when a maid announced that the young ladies were ready.

“Twin brides, true as the world. Guess this one is mine,” and he took Evangeline by the arm and went marching off, singing, “Here comes the bride!” to tease both Muriel and Leon.

“With your leave, Leigh, I’ll kiss her once before she is an old married woman.” No sooner said than done. “Let me give the bride away,” as he gracefully escorted his cousin to Leon and bowed low.

The latter said nothing, but his eyes looked his adoration; then, with a little courtesy, he offered his arm to his bride. Maudrey saluted Muriel, and they proceeded through the canopied archway from the hotel to the waiting limousines.

“Guess we will carry away enough rice to board us a month by the time the boys get through with us,” said Maudrey.

As planned, the band played the wedding-march in a lower room of the cathedral to give it the softness of distance. Up the center aisle the bridal party came through a regular corridor formed by two rows of soldiers in uniform, who held their guns crossed for the

procession to pass under, all the way from the door to the rostrum. At the altar one couple went to the left, the other to the right until they met, facing the audience, under a great arch of flowers with an American flag floating from the top. The band played softly while the chaplain, a friend of Leigh's, performed the marriage ceremony.

“As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto man is woman.  
Though she bends him, she obeys him.  
Though she leads him, yet she follows—  
Useless each without the other.”

Marriage was instituted in the wonderful garden of Eden, when the Lord himself brought unto the sinless Adam the beautiful innocent Eve; taken

“*Not* from his feet, that she should be his slave,  
*Not* from his head, that she should rule over him,  
But from his *side*, to be his helpmate and equal:  
Under his strong arm, that he may protect her;  
Next to his warm heart to love and cherish her.”

Far up in the cathedral the carrier pigeon dipped downward to a pillow of roses just in front of the minister, with the rings around its neck, one on pink ribbon, one on blue.

When the vows were to be taken, Evangeline's answer was,

“I will follow thee, my husband.”

And Leon's in return,

“Evangeline,

“‘In life's delight,  
In death's dismay,  
Through storm and sunshine,  
Night and day,  
Here and hereafter  
I am *thine*.’”

When the other couple had given the same vows, and each were pronounced man and wife, the band began to play louder, and the wedding party passed down the aisle, and out to the waiting limousines that were to conduct them to the banquet-hall. In a few minutes, all to themselves, Leon had his first kiss from his bride's lips.

“All my *very own*.”

Inside the car just ahead, the same scene was transpiring.

In the great parlor after the banquet, General Pershing sought the couples out as they stood together saying goodbye to their guests.

“How are you standing the evening?” said he to Leigh, saluting.

“A little tired, but doing very nicely, thank you.”

Placing his hand on the latter's shoulder, the General said,

“To this young man there is due the third pin, to be placed upon him by President Wilson in the states.

“I can wish for the group no greater honor than that, when the warfare of life is over, up *there* will be given you the *greatest* ‘Distinguished Service Cross.’ To all—goodnight.”

\* \* \* \* \*

There lives *today*, close to the mountains of Virginia, a practicing physician who wears the souvenir of the Hun over his heart as described in this book.

“And when my time has come to die,  
Just take me back and let me lie  
Close where the mountains tower high,  
Down in Virginia.”

















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